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NEWS & VIEWS

Lay Vigilantes

History has a way of repeating itself on the Feeneyites, the followers of Father Leonard Feeney who made so much commotion in the 1940s, 1950s over *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, the proposition that outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation.

Recently, two brothers of the splinter, unreconstructed Feeney community were in Pittsburgh, where they had gained the office of a Catholic businessman of means. The businessman, enchanted by the Feeneyites' special brand of Catholic conservatism, coughed up $100 for the cause—then, financial conservatism rearing its inevitable head, had second thoughts.

The police were summoned, the Feeneyites were checked out, and clamped in Allegheny County Jail for soliciting money while being dressed in a certain way and ostensibly misrepresenting a certain religion. In the asresting officer's words, they "belonged to a faction not reconciled with the Roman Catholic Church."

It's a story as old as the Feeney movement itself: financial solicitation; complaint from the solicited, often a Catholic; rabid response by individual policemen and legal officials, again often Catholics and reacting primarily as the Catholics they happened to be rather than as impartial officers of the law.

This time in Pittsburgh, the story had a different twist, however. Instead of the Catholic powerhouse being involved in the crackdown, or neutrally observing the proceedings while secretly relishing the Feeneyites' discomfiture, the Pittsburgh Chancery sought to counter the vigilantism.

Auxiliary Bishop John McDowell, who tends the jail among other duties, got the diocese's chief legal officer, Father Adam Maida, on the stick. A legal communication was sent around, saying that the diocese did not wish to prosecute or interfere with the men.

Words fell on deaf lay ears. One of the Feeneyites was eventually released, but the other was held for trial on a charge of conspiracy. By way of completing the cast of characters, the judge ordering prosecution was a Catholic.

Msgr. Charles Owen Rice, columnist for the *Pittsburgh Catholic* and long-time defender of the underdog, was horrified. "We have not been turning people over to the secular arm for quite a while," he sneered.

"What business is it of the police whether people are in good standing with the Church or not?" he demanded. "Or what they wear? Jailing those chaps was not the American way, nor was it the Catholic way."

The moral of the story, said Rice, is that "cops and magistrates can cause you an immense amount of trouble if you offend their prejudices. . . . Can you imagine what happens to some of the poor and friendless? Do you wonder that I get furious over injustices that I have seen?"

Declining Vocations

The vocations picture continues to be bleak for Roman Catholicism, in the composite and the specific.

While Pope Paul was urging Catholics last month to pray for more vocations, the Vatican was releasing statistics which showed the number of priests throughout the world declining from 425,000 in 1969 to 409,000 in 1974. During the same period, the number of newly ordained priests had decreased by almost one-third.

Philadelphia, Pa., and Portland, Me., provide some idea of how these figures translate on the local level.

In Philadelphia, the major archdiocesan seminary, St. Charles Borromeo, two years ago accepted 34 new candidates for the priesthood; last September, it drew only 17.

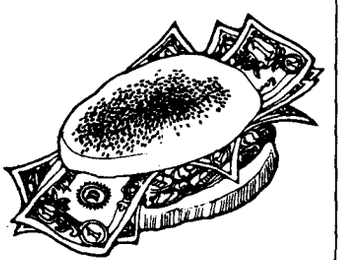
In Portland, meanwhile, the city's largest parish was being turned over to four members of the Capuchin Franciscans from White Plains, N.Y. "We are not ordaining enough diocesan priests to provide adequate service throughout the diocese," said Bishop Edward C. O'Leary of Portland.

The Vatican resists such obvious and ecclesiastically just solutions to the world vocations problems as the ordaining of women and married men. But the pressure for both possibilities builds steadily.

Three new Gallup Polls show a sharp increase in Catholic support for the ordination of women since last January's Vatican declaration squelching the idea—or so it was intended. And just recently a French bishop spoke out on behalf of a married clergy. Bishop Guy Riobe of Orleans said he was not opposed to consecrated celibacy. But celibacy, he declared, must be free and a married clergy would enhance the witness of those who freely choose celibacy.

Political Parousia

Whatever happened to Greg Schneiders, the "complex young no-man" of Jimmy Carter's election campaign, who was headed for the post of presidential appointments secretary until some bad business ventures in his past and an impolitic *Washington Post* interview about Catholicism caught up with him? [News & Views, 1/7/-77].



Valley Advocate/LNS

Schneiders is alive and well, and was recently in White Plains, N.Y., as President Carter's representative at the launching of a municipal information and referral project of a type that the President is interested in developing throughout the country.

In its story of April 29 headed YOUNG MEN WHO TOOK CHANCE ON CARTER GET RICH REWARDS, the *New York Times* listed Schneiders as "Director, White House Projects," at a salary of $48,500.

That's only $2500 less than what the appointments secretary makes. Ah, but the gap in prestige and visibility!

Odds and Ends

—Ron Ridenhour, the Vietnam vet who first exposed the My Lai massacre, was back in Vietnam recently under happier circumstances. He was one of four Americans representing Friendshipment, a coalition of American religious and peace groups that plans a 100-bed hospital in the village made infamous by Lieutenant Calley. The occasion was the groundbreaking ceremonies. Friendshipment has raised $150,000 towards materials and equipment; the Vietnamese are supplying the labor.

—Is the pestering of the entertainment celebrity very much different when he goes to church from when he sits down in a restaurant? Rev. Austin Miles, an Assemblies of God "show-business chaplain" in New York, told of Jonathan Winters' experience at church a few weeks ago: "After the service, the priest began asking him to let his name be used in fund raising, to speak at a meeting, to do other things. Winters said, 'Look, pal, I didn't come to church to give. I came to receive something.' "

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Cambodian Ordeal

New Orleans, La.

To the Editors: I hope not to be tarred as reactionary if I express mild shock at David P. Chandler's bland "Transformation in Cambodia" [Apr. 1]. Too bad Mr. Chandler hadn't read François Ponchaud's carefully researched book, *Cambodge, année zéro*, reviewed in the March 31 issue of *The New York Review of Books* (hardly a reactionary journal), or at least Jean Lacouture's account titled "The Bloodiest Revolution."

Ponchaud has kept up on documentation and broadcasts sent out by the new masters of Cambodia themselves and points out their boast "of having eliminated, in a single year, one quarter of their own population." According to Lacouture, they "have invented something original, auto-genocide. After Auschwitz and the Gulag, we might have thought this century had produced the ultimate in horror, but we are now seeing the suicide of a people in the name of revolution; worse: in the name of socialism."

Lacouture concludes that Ponchaud's "book can be read only with shame by those of us who supported the Khmer Rouge cause. . . . For may not the most sinister crimes of all be those that betray the principles of socialism and assassinate human hope itself?"

What made Chandler's article so disappointing is his almost total failure even to suggest the horrors that are besetting Cambodia.

(REV.) C. J. MCNASPY, S.J.

REPLY: The price I pay for seeking an historical perspective, I suppose, is to be found "bland" and "disappointing." In trying to explain rather than to judge the new regime, moreover, I concealed my personal feelings, which are embedded in the last paragraph of the piece.

I wonder, all the same, if what has

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DETROIT, CHICAGO AND ROME

If last October's "Call to Action" Conference in Detroit—the conclusion of an almost three-year process of grass-roots meetings, public hearings, social research and theological exploration in which American Catholics celebrated their Bicentennial with a renewed call for liberty and justice—was the full-flowering of the "democratic" American Church, this month's response of the American bishops in Chicago to the "Call" shows how much the American Church is still the Church of Rome.

The 182 Detroit proposals emerged after the widest consultation in the history of the American Church. To characterize the Detroit Conference, as some critics have done, as a radical *putsch* was to miss the point that the Detroit process, in tune with the historical occasion that inspired it, was no more radical than democracy itself. In fact, that would inevitably be part of the "Call to Action" problem, the 200-year old American Catholic difficulty in knowing to what degree the community's values, theology and discipline could have roots in American culture. In one sense the Church has become very American in that its members share the dominant American values—competitiveness, equality, patriotism and the thirst for economic prosperity; but its appointed hierarchial leadership—listen as they might to the grass roots and concerned as they are on social justice issues—have their theological ears cocked most sensitively to Rome. The sad paradox of Detroit may be that the participants may have expected that on the controverted issues there was an American theology in the making that would lead the bishops to speak up to Rome

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rather than just comply. While ultimate authority in matters of faith rests in Rome, the Detroit-Chicago issues, in spite of their dogmatic dimension, were primarily matters of discipline; and we would have liked a more vigorous Roman-American dialogue about them.

In this sense, at the Chicago meeting the bishops collectively approached the issues with dogmatic implications—priestly celibacy, the ordination of women, birth control and the second marriages of divorced Catholics—with their hands tied. In their minds there was already an "authoritative" position to which they were committed, because of their understanding of what it means to be "loyal" to the Holy See. Indeed, it is fair to say that if many of them had shown a lively tendency to think independently about Roman authority early in their priestly careers they would hardly have been made bishops.

One early sign that no major changes would come out of Chicago was the decision by NCCB President Archbishop Joseph L. Bernardin to appoint a dominantly conservative eight-bishop task force to draft the "preliminary response" to the Detroit proposals. He included Cardinal John Krol of Philadelphia and the almost humorously reactionary Cardinal John Carberry of St. Louis, whose theological attitudes can be partly gauged by his opposition to Communion in the hand on the grounds that this would allow devil worshippers to steal the Eucharist for their "black masses."

Tragically, the effort of Cardinal John Dearden to lobby for a more progressive document was cut short by his heart attack right before the Chicago meeting. But the social action emphasis of "Call to Action" was preserved and the bishops backed Newark Archbishop Peter L. Gerety's final move to establish a stronger new ad hoc committee, over the old Advisory Council, to push ahead with the five-year "plan of action."

In this light we could characterize the Chicago meeting as a social justice success but a theological disappointment. Certainly no one expected that the American bishops would vote to allow priests to marry or to ordain women immediately. We acknowledge that a good argument can be made that culturally the popular demand for these changes is not yet ripe. But there are ample theological resources that would have enabled them to take a more realistic and open position on birth control. And on some matters the bishops not only stuck to tradition but rejected amendments that would have softened the document's negative impact and held out hope for future change.

Meanwhile the gesture of removing the penalty of excommunication from divorced Catholics in unauthorized second marriages is so small a gesture we almost wish it had not been made: it may give the appearance of progress when no real progress has been made. These unfortunate people are still not officially free to receive the Eucharist either on the tongue or in the hand.

We understand that the bishops are not professional theologians, but we suggest that it is not the dogmatic problems involved that keep some of Detroit's goals from being realized but rather the absence of a well-developed American theology shared by the bishops and us their people.

WASHINGTON REPORT

NIXON WITHOUT DIETRICH

I expected to be fascinated, revolted and disgusted by Nixon's performance on that chapter of the Dick and Dave Show dealing with Watergate. The one thing I did not expect was to learn something, but I did. I assumed that the old flim-flam man would continue on course and by and large he did, giving nothing away, yielding nothing, always ready with a self-serving misinterpretation of whatever facts Frost brought up, whatever quotations from the White House tapes, whatever readings of the law of the land. Nixon was innocent, guilty only of humanitarianism if of anything, of too heartfelt a concern for the people who worked for him and that's what did him in. We had heard all that before. There was no real surprises, the closest being Nixon's change of his motive from national security—the Russians were coming, the Russians were coming—to political containment— the Democrats were coming, the Democrats were coming. But what I did learn from that first and undoubtedly best broadcast, from a show biz point of view, was something new about the classic movie, *The Blue Angel.*

As the old stager twisted and turned in his familiar role, it suddenly occurred to me who he was. He was Emil Jannings in the last scene of *Blue Angel,* when, having thrown away everything in pursuit of Marlene Dietrich's Lola-Lola, he is reduced to performing in her cabaret troupe, imitating a cackling hen as the vindictive master-of-ceremonies breaks an egg over his head and, up the stairs, Lola-Lola cuckolds him one more time with one more suitor.

The Jannings character, of course, accepted this ultimate humiliation for love of Lola-Lola. Nixon ac-

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cepted his for love of himself and for love of money. The combination was irresistible and there he was, cock-a-doodling away while Frost broke the eggs and the computers whirred, softly counting the take.

But if you accept the parallel, and I think it's valid, you immediately are reminded of something about Janning's Professor that may have escape you at the time. At least it did me, and I suppose I've seen the picture half a dozen times. This is simply that in fact the Professor was no professor at all. He professed nothing except a profound self-satisfaction with the respect he got with the job, the almost reverence given him by the German society. We are shown no single instance of Jannings either pursuing learning for its own sake or showing joy or even competence at teaching the young men in his class. He is neither a scholar nor a teacher. In class and at home he is a martinet, enforcing an exaggerated discipline. This and this alone constitutes his professorship.

But this, of course, is also the secret of the Nixon presidency as it was of Nixon as member of Congress and Vice President. Remember those ludicrous uniforms for the White House police run up by the notorious Spiro Agnew, who was probably set for a kickback on the gold-braid concession. Everybody laughed and said, Student Prince. Precisely. The uniforms the delinquent duo wanted their household retainers to sport were those traditionally sported by German students of the sort tyrannized over by Emil Jannings.

Like Jannings as scholar, Nixon never really stood for anything at all in American politics. As President, he was like a poem in the old definition, his purpose not to mean but to be. The anti-Communism which seemed to provide the one consistent policy strand in his career finally proved of such little consequence that he could drop it casually for the sake of the frisson, the spectacular feat of legerdemain of the China Trip. One aspect of the Watergate tapes that has attracted too little attention is that all these felonious giants in the land spent so much time sitting around the Oval Office worrying about Watergate, speculating on their chances of squeaking through, wondering how to corrupt the law or assault the Constitution; they never seem to have spent any time preoccupied with what most of us think of as the normal concerns of a President: the state of the union, threats and opportunities in the economy, problems in the fisheries and wild life department, whatever. None of that: just as Jannings never worried about the problems of scholarship or whether the students really grasped what he was lecturing them about.

In comparing Nixon to the Jannings Professor, Watergate to *The Blue Angel* and the Dick-and-Dave Show to that grotesque final scene of cuckold-doodle-do, we come inescapably to a serious critical problem. Who is Lola-Lola? Who is the person or what the power for which Nixon lost the world and ended up playing Quasimodo for money? Money itself, we have said above, is part of it as is, surely, the authentic show biz drive for the spotlight in whatever costume, cutting whatever capers. Like the old geezer down river in *Huckleberry Finn*, Nixon will paint himself blue and dance naked on all fours as long as you throw him a Shubert-pink follow-spot and something lively in the brass. Still, who was Lola-Lola? To ask the question is almost to answer it, but first a passing consideration on the role of sex in the whole scandal. The role of sex in Watergate was that there wasn't any. As Julie Eisenhower would have been proud to say, if she'd thought of it, at least no one shacked up in the Nixon White House. That's probably true and it's one of the things that was wrong with the administration. Yet, one of the most perceptive Nixon scholars in Washington, David Bratton, firmly believes, with no evidence at all, that Nixon over the years has had a series of affairs: "Why," Bratton asks with iron logic, "should Pat be the only person close to Nixon never betrayed by Nixon?" It's a hard question to answer.

But it does answer the other question. As soon as you hear the Bratton question, you know the answer to Who Was Lola-Lola? Nixon was Lola-Lola. In our restaging of Von Sternberg's tragedy as political farce, Nixon plays both the leading roles. He is the Professor betrayed and the singer betraying. Dietrich's great song in *The Blue Angel*, translated as "Falling in Love Again," is ironic even in the movie, deeply so when given to Nixon as Professor Lola-Lola. The dramatic beauty of the Dietrich character singing, "Here I go, falling in love again . . ." is that Lola-Lola was incapable of love. Passing infatuation was as far as she was willing—or able?—to go in transferring her concern from herself to someone else. That haunting facial structure and the business with the eyes, used deliberately for the ruin of men, or the reduction of them to conveniences for Lola-Lola, have their exact farcical equivalent in Nixon as political buffoon. Besides the whole crew of actual felons who have served or will serve time for their activities in behalf of Nixon, think of the others, not involved in felonious little plans, whose possibly productive careers in public service were truncated or blasted by association with Nixon. Even Gerald Ford, one likes to think, might have gone quietly into decent retirement from the House full of years and modest honors had he not been tapped to play an essential role in the farce, the Pardoner. As it is, poor Ford is following his creator's bad example, happily and lucratively exhibiting himself for pay.

Then think of the bridge in the Dietrich song, "Men flutter to me like moths round a flame, And if I break their hearts, I know I'm not to blame." It sounds more like Nixon than Nixon himself. Well, no, but it is the pure, authentic Nixon strain. No matter what happens

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to his friends and associates, his country, the Constitution, the Southeast Asians, government by law, whatever, he knows he's not to blame.

I don't think the upcoming installments will be as good as the opener, which indeed was originally scheduled as the closer. In show biz terms, Dick and Dave have taken their eleven-o'clock-number and used it as the curtain raiser. It got people into the theater, all right, but the house is going to seem mighty bleak about eleven o'clock.

FRANK GETLEIN

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IRISH PRIMATE

DEATH COMES FOR A CARDINAL

It was the misfortune of Cardinal William Conway to preside over the Irish Catholic Church at one of its most transitional and turbulent periods in history. His many undoubted abilities suited him for the traditional style of church leadership that was fast becoming outmoded. He was essentially of the devotional era of Catholicism, and although he adapted more easily than many prelates to the new order of Vatican II, he failed to absorb the spirit of the post-Vatican II age.

In particular, he did not come to terms with two of the main challenges to the Irish Catholic Church: that of sectarianism in the North; confessionalism in the Republic. He could not properly understand the importance for the Church to accept a pluralistic society so that he remained intransigent against the legalization of contraceptives, divorce and was utterly opposed to the integration of schools.

To many traditional-minded Catholics, these stances were strengths, not weaknesses. However, at a time when Catholics and Protestants were being shot on the basis of denominational identity in the North and when a more educated generation emerged in the Republic, it was insufficient to reiterate the old pietistic slogans as if they were immutable formulae. The cultural scene in Ireland had changed so radically that new responses from the Church were required.

Above all, there was the opening provided by Rome in the form of Vatican II—an opening that led to a divided Church. While Ireland—until a few years ago—escaped much of the internal conflict that beset most national Churches, this was largely due to the slowness of the hierarchy to inform the people as to the nature of the new thinking aimed at ending centuries of intellectual stupor in Catholic circles.

In his objective of controlling the pace of change, Cardinal Conway emerged as an archetypal prelate: after Pope Paul's *Humanae Vitae* encyclical in 1967 on birth control it became clear that the occupant of the Petrine See was endeavoring to contain as much as possible of the new tendencies emanating from the Council. Like other heads of national hierarchies the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh was sensitive to the mood of the Vatican, and was an influential figure in the movement to counteract the more dynamic features of the Council by adopting a watered-down but official view of the nature of the Council teaching. I remember being in Rome as the correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* in 1971 when there were still hopes that the liberal wing of bishops and theologians could get acceptance of married priests. Given the unprecedented crisis in the priesthood with massive departures, particularly in the United States, and with the awareness of the acute shortage of clergy in the developing world, the arguments for change appeared convincing.

After several key speakers—including members of the Canadian hierarchy—in support of the ordination of women had pitched in for change, Cardinal Conway delivered what was to be the decisive speech when he warned that the admission of married clergy would change the whole structure of the Church: he saw—as did the majority of his colleagues—that a married clergy was the thin-end of the wedge that would end the system of celibate male dominance.

In remaining loyal to the tradition into which he was born, Cardinal Conway was no different from most—if not all—leaders of the Irish Catholic colonial world. He was more open-minded than contemporaries of the Irish tradition such as Cardinal Heenan in England, Cardinal Gray in Scotland or Cardinal Spellman in the United States. Yet his attachment to the traditional system of church governance and to its devotional values, particularly the Rosary, was a source of comfort to more hard-pressed administrators of the Church in Boston, in Glasgow, in Melbourne.

Yet, this virtue was the key to the man's weakness. In Northern Ireland he refused to accept that the Churches as institutions in society had contributed to the terrible social malaise that erupted in the violence which still persists there today. He was unwilling to accept that the Churches were as guilty as the Unionists in living in a closed world. Consequently, he could not appreciate the importance of giving up church privilege and of approving mixed marriages and integrated schooling.

Although he constantly spoke out against violence, he gradually lost credibility because his Church ap-

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peared more and more entrenched. While he was not the worst exponent of ghetto Catholicism (Bishop Philbin in Belfast assumed that role with great earnestness) he was of that kind. Why should politicians bear all the blame when unelected representatives of the Catholic population would not budge from a privileged position in society?

Being caught in this period of change caused the Cardinal deep pain and sorrow. Anyone who came into contact with him knew of his anxiety about the most recent killings. At his home in Armagh he kept a notebook account of murders—and was much depressed by the growing volume of annotations in that book. Yet in Rome at the Synod of Bishops in 1974, he continued to tell his fellow-bishops that the conflict in the North had nothing to do with religion.

In presenting—in my view—such a false view of the Northern crisis, Cardinal Conway failed to communicate to his churchmen the full sectarian dimension of the challenge that beset Christianity in the twentieth century. It was not so much a failure on his part of nerve, but of understanding.

This unwillingness to accept the religious element in the situation prevented him from fully cooperating with the Protestant Churches; and this lies at the roots of the appalling failure of the Irish Churches in the face of the sectarianism of the North. It will be left to historians to show that many Vatican, World Council of Churches, national and local efforts for peace and reconciliation were full of prospect until they were put in the Cardinal's waste-paper bag.

His other major failure stemmed from his lack of sympathy—and understanding—for the new generation of educated Irish Catholics—a generation which based its self-understanding of Catholicism on reflection rather than on the inherited utterance of bishops. The new questioning mood—promoted by the prosperity of the sixties and the early seventies—was summed up for him in the phrases "secularization" and "pluralism." Although he lost no sleep over the deletion from the Republic's Constitution of the Catholic Church's "special position," he used his energy vigorously to bolster up the traditional Catholic way of life in Ireland. This was seen in the four-part pastoral letter on "Human Life is Sacred," in 1975—a publication which used the modern techniques of the media to sell the old-style Catholic morality. It marked the launching of a defensive by the bishops against what they viewed as the growing laxity of Irish moral standards, particularly among the young. It was an attempt to pre-empt the politicians from going ahead with plans to legalize contraception or divorce.

Yet such a document showed the extent of the gulf between both the young and the middle-aged in Ireland. Although the Cardinal perceptively recognized that the age of the Rolling Stones and Rory Gallagher was in search of meaningful values, he could not see why that same generation found the Church irrelevant and boring. The legacy of the Conway era could be the loss by the Irish Church of young people, particularly women.

Sadly, he took ill at a time when he had begun to shift—however slowly—from his previous hard-line positions. Faced with widespread public criticism of the role of the Churches, he did agree in 1973 to co-chair the historic Dundalk meetings of Catholic and Protestant churchmen. Accustomed to "authority," rather than "dialogue," he struggled hard to adjust to the new situation. But the old habits were too strong: he could not compromise on issues such as mixed marriage or the schools. Nor did the Mulrany renewal of the Church meetings bring the expected positive returns.

Despite this mellowing, the Cardinal remained attached to the priorities of a faith which was hallowed in the canonization of Blessed Oliver Plunkett in Rome in October 1975. The Cardinal's awareness, however, of the need for the Church to assist the Third World was seen in his support of Trocaire, one of the most respected development agencies in the world.

Administratively, he leaves the Irish Church in a much more organized state than when he took over the chairmanship of meetings at Maynooth. Liturgically, there has been a revolution—but it is ceremonial change that has affected the life of the clergy rather than involved the participation of the people. Anyone who sat opposite him at news conferences—as I did for four years—could not help but admire him. He had the knack of replying with a question—a technique that often side-stepped the journalist. In private too, he was always affable and splendid company. Two incidents sum up the personality of the man for me: at Mulrany in County Mayo we had lunch in the local hotel at which he spent the whole time discussing the existentialist philosophy of Albert Camus. He could never understand the nature of unbelief and felt that "liberal" Catholics were less believing than a Camus. The other occasion was on an air-flight to Rome via Lourdes. At one point, he got up into the passageway and talked personally at length to every passenger on the plane, particularly the sick. It was a side of the man where the pastoral instinct was most developed.

This populism—the identification with the simple faithful—went side by side with his role as custodian of the Church's tradition. In this sense, he was in the mold of the Cullen era: his successor will have to guide the Irish Church more firmly in the direction towards Vatican III. Whether the Irish Church can produce that type of leadership—skeptically—remains to be seen.

JOHN COONEY

(*John Cooney of the* Irish Times, *now stationed in Brussels, was until recently* Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Ireland.*)

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CONFESSIONS OF A NON-ADDICT

PETER STEINFELS

AMERICA USED to mourn the passing of its innocence. Now, less ambitious, we mourn the passing of our TV shows. Borne by our networks, we beat on ceaselessly into the past, and Gatsby's green light, minute and far away, is no orgiastic future but the last glimmer of a darkening color television.

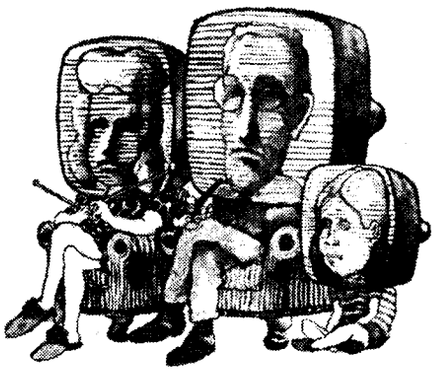
Consider the obsequies performed over *Forwards, Backwards,* that evocative series about the family owners of a giant earth-moving company and the tough but sage hard-hats who operate the machinery. Bankrupted by the drop in housing starts and the transfer of moneys from the highway trust fund, Joey ("The Kid") Bellami was last seen slumped over a deskful of unemployment compensation forms while, viewed through his office window, Sal and Frank could be observed bidding farewell to their favorite bulldozers.

That was not the end, however. The cast toured fifty-three upper-middle-class suburbs and all the Ivy League universities, explaining the impact of *Forwards, Backwards* on their private lives. Amideo Cucinaire, the suave Latin pundit whose weekly introductions had put the series in context for American families unfamiliar with road graders and dump-and-fill operations, went so far as to invent a post-series life for the Bellami clan and their ex-employees. Joey's son, Rick, returned from Sweden after Jimmy Carter announced amnesty for draft evaders. Sal and Rosalie got married and bought into a Suffolk county free nursery. Even the equipment was purchased and put to use once the price of oil revived strip mining in Central Park.

I confess that all this commotion left me feeling more than a little forlorn and guilty. It was the same a few months earlier when the *Larry Tyler Lear Show* went off the air. As the first situation comedy constructed around the life of a male nurse who was not played by Jerry Lewis, the LTL Show was certified a genuine breakthrough by the American Breakthrough Certification Union. Unfortunately I never saw it.

I had seen one episode of *Forwards, Backwards*—the one where Joey's father, Old Nicky, finally resigned himself to the unionization of his crews. I also watched four nights of *Sonny Pootdown, Sonny Pootdown,* the "soap opera for those who never liked soap." Really, I'm not complaining. They were good shows, better than wrestling and presidential elections, though not quite up to *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie.* It's just that with a marriage, growing children, a mortgage, and the *New York Times* every day, how much more commitment can you expect?

I thought the Bicentennial spirit might help. Every week I was going to watch the *Lowell Legacy,* a forty-part chronicle of a patrician family's role in American history. After three weeks my eyes turned to pewter and my heart no longer cared. Would Francis Cabot Lowell's voice change next week? Would the new adolescent actor have even a faint resemblance to his predecessor?



If I could not persevere with the patrician class, I did no better by the oppressed. All America, it seemed, turned faithfully, night after night, to *Sprigs,* the story of a Native American Indian family traced back over the Bering Strait to the Asian coastal home its "Great Pleistocene Forefather" had left ten thousand years ago. Did the producers of *Sprigs* ask anything more of me than one week's devotion? I could not give it. Knowing my weakness of character, I did not even try.

I needn't add that I've let slide the dramatic productions of Georges Duhamel's "*Chronique des Pasquiers*" (ten volumes) and Jules Romains' "*Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*" (twenty-four volumes) that PBS purchased from French television, or the twenty-part life of the Victorian woman novelist, Mrs. Humphry Ward, purchased from the British.

I caught a few minutes of *Jesus*—and, despite the spindly premises of the whole effort, liked it. But did I manage to see Part Two? Of course not. As for Nixon and Watergate, as soon as I realized there would be more Frost interviews to come, well, I kind of drifted off. . . .

According to my friend Ralph, who is a television counselor (he got the Bradleys back together after their celebrated break-up over *The Captain and Teneel*), I am simply immature. Unable to sustain a long-term relationship with a television program, says Ralph. What can I say? Look, Ralph, I begin weakly, this is nothing new. The Hardy Boys bored me stiff after three books. I never finished a crossword puzzle. I never even made the nine First Fridays.

Ralph is unappeased. This is a television civilization, he reminds me as though I could possibly have forgotten. You, he says, are a slacker. Ralph shakes his head. Ralph looks grave. Ralph quotes Martin Buber. "All real living," Ralph says, "is watching."

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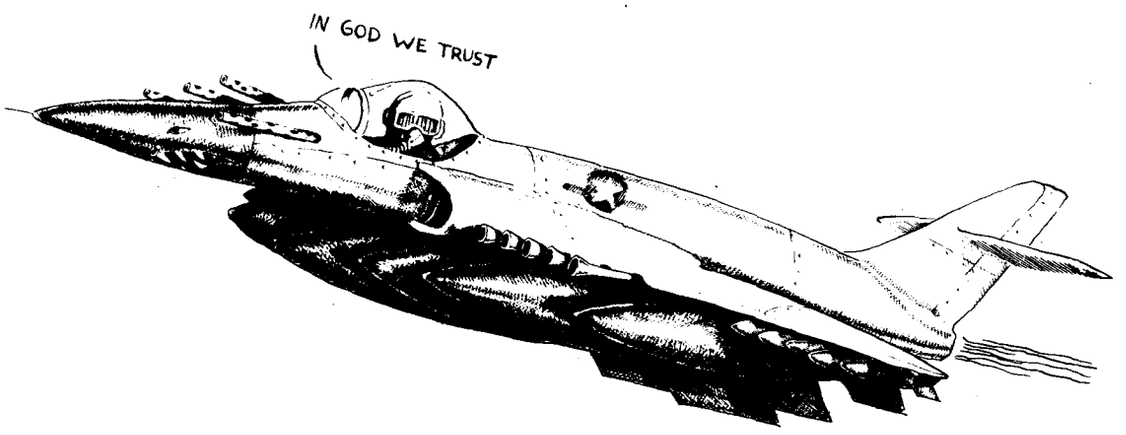
WITH HUMANITY AS PAWNS

DOUGLAS MATTERN



The arms race continues its macabre escalation

When defending the Fiscal 1976 Pentagon budget, then-Defense Secretary James Schlesinger said: "I offer no apologies. . . . It's a long-haul budget." The full meaning became clear the following year with another record budget for Fiscal 1977 which topped $100 billion for the first time. And now the Fiscal 1978 Defense budget of $120 billion proposed by the Carter administration represents another major increase. The much cited $2.8 billion reduction in military spending is not real, but simply the difference between the Carter budget and the even more inflated one proposed by outgoing President Ford.

The years have shown that regardless of whichever political party is in power, the arms race continues its macabre escalation with our nation at the helm. The recent mammoth budgets, plus what the Pentagon has planned over the coming years, including $197 billion in planned new weapons programs stretching into the mid-1980s, help to focus the present rhetoric concerning U.S. military strength vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. In short, the need to justify this extraordinary expenditure. From many of the statements of the Pentagon, the CIA and our cold-warriors, it would seem that after expending $100,000 per minute on military programs over the past 30 years, and building an 8,000-megaton nuclear destructive force equal to over 600,000 Hiroshimas, the U.S. is about to be overrun by the Soviets.

What we are witnessing is the old Russian scare tactic which has been used so successfully throughout the cold war by the Pentagon and politicians alike. Former President Kennedy used it extensively in the 1960 presidential campaign in the form of a missile gap, which in fact never existed. At that time the U.S. had a 9 to 1 lead over the Soviet Union in deliverable nuclear warheads, 1800 to 200. But facts have never inhibited the use of the Russian scare tactic by its proponents. As Senator Proxmire has noted: "Threats of new Soviet military strength seem to blossom just like the flowers bloom in the spring whenever the defense budget reaches the Appropriations Committee."

Perhaps an outside source is even more valid in assessing the present rhetoric. General George Buis, head of a French think tank, recently stated: "It's part of an alarmist campaign not reflecting the reality of ongoing American superiority." Buis, who was director of the French armed forces' Center for Superior Military Studies when he retired in 1972, went on to state: "We're watching an old operation that we've seen before. The facts don't back up the statements of alarm. . . . The United States is five to 10 years ahead in each arms system."

We are often shown impressive statistics which purport to prove how the Soviet Union is dramatically outspending the U.S. on military programs. The statistics are supplied by the CIA and other intelligence sources, and as such are highly suspect in political bias as well as mysterious in the manner they seem to increase when opposition to the U.S. military budget is raised in Congress.

Congressman Les Aspin (Dem. Wis.), who formerly

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worked as a systems analyst in the Pentagon, has shown that a basic bias in these figures is that they are based on the U.S. dollar. The Russian ruble is not traded on the international currency market and there is no accepted rate of exchange. The Russian budget is falsely bloated when computing rubles into dollars even in such areas as pay scales. For example, a U.S. Army recruit receives $83 per month while his counterpart in the Soviet Union receives less than one ruble per week. Congressman Aspin indicates the irony is that if the pay of U.S. military personnel were cut, the Russian budget as presented by the CIA would also be reduced.

But a more important factor to consider is that a major portion of the Soviet military budget goes for strictly defensive purposes for which there is no corresponding outlay in the U.S. Russia is surrounded by hostile neighbors such as China and NATO forces, thus a large expenditure is allocated for such items as anti-aircraft guns and troop displacement, such as the 500,000 Russian troops stationed on the Chinese border.

In terms of total nuclear strength, the U.S. maintains a commanding lead in deliverable nuclear warheads, some 9,000 for the U.S. to less than 4,000 for the Soviets. In the Spring 1976 issue of *Foreign Policy* magazine, Congressman Aspin presents a scenario in which even if the Soviets were somehow able to carry out a devastating attack on the U.S. which destroyed 50 percent of our sea-based missiles, 90 percent of our land-based missiles, and 80 percent of our B-52s, the U.S. would still have about 3,100 surviving warheads—nearly as much as the Soviet arsenal has now.

Overall, the U.S. has an existing stockpile of more than 20,000 nuclear weapons. The *New York Times* reports that a recent study by the Energy Research and Development Administration reveals this stockpile consists of 26 basic types of nuclear weapons incorporated into 33 weapons systems. Nevertheless, additional types are constantly being added. This includes the B-77 full fusing option nuclear bomb which is particularly designed for delivery at low altitudes and high speed by the B-1 bomber. There is also the Mark 12A nuclear warhead giving the Minuteman III missile greater explosive yield and accuracy. This warhead meets the design for attacking Soviet missiles in their silos and thus lends additional credibility to charges of the U.S. building a first-strike nuclear force. In addition, there is a new nuclear warhead for the Trident missile and some existing Poseidon missiles.

The tragic irony in all these numbers is that the question of which side has the most missiles and warheads is basically meaningless. Both have far more than enough to destroy each other. Experts estimate that somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 million people would be killed on each side in an all-out nuclear war. Dr. Herbert York, former Science Advisor to both the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations, and former director of Defense Research and Engineering of the U.S. Department of Defense, states that in this situation 10 million casualties would result from cancer and leukemia in countries situated well away from the two main protagonists. Dr. York concludes that in addition "genetic problems, which are even more difficult to calculate, would affect many, many more millions of others, not only in this generation, but for centuries to come."

Deterrence is the concept according to which you have so much power that even if your country is attacked first it still has enough to destroy the adversary. Deterrence is based on the official policy of Mutual Assured Destruction, which has the appropriate acronym of MAD. What is important to understand is that we have had deterrence for many years. The additional weapons of genocide which have been added to our arsenal (and those planned for the future) add nothing to our security, but rather make us and the entire world community less secure.

Other Factors

Quite obviously, there are other motivations which keep the arms race going. Aside from the pressure of the right-wing and Dr. Strangeloves in our society, we find economics a major factor. Over the years we have built a massive high-energy power system which now consumes over 35 percent of the world's resources, and has come to depend on war, or at least mock war in the form of an ongoing arms race to provide overproduction and waste through weapons obsolescence and replacement.

In a recent speech, Senator Alan Cranston stated that the people in the U.S. and the world are not being told the truth about the current arms buildup. He went on to state that in the U.S. it is the Pentagon and arms industry which push the arms race that threatens our very survival.

Back in 1960, President Eisenhower warned the American people of this force when he termed it the "military/industrial complex." At that time Eisenhower warned that economic and political motivations were taking precedence over strict military needs. However, over the years the military/industrial complex has grown to a dominant position, with its cancerous growth reaching into nearly every segment of our society.

From an annual Pentagon budget which is higher than the gross national product of all but eight countries in the world, the arms industry divides up more than 20,000 major contracts. From this comes another 100,000 subcontracts. Over 1,000 former Pentagon officials work for the arms industry, many lobbying full time to oppose efforts to reduce the military budget. Top management people constantly shift from large corporations to the Pentagon, and back again. A recent example is Malcolm R. Currie, who resigned his posi-

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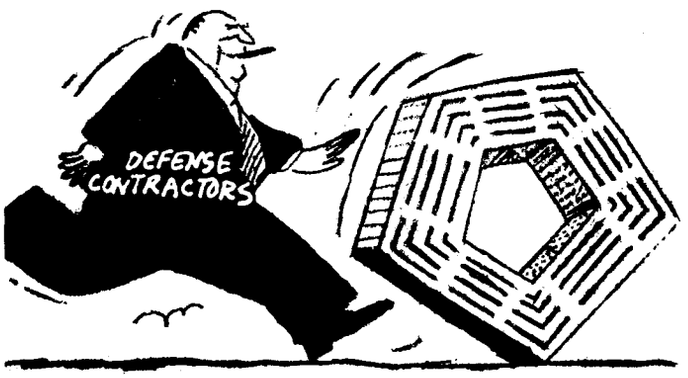
tion as director of defense research and engineering in the Defense Department to join Hughes Aircraft Company as vice president in charge of the missile system for which he was responsible when he was in the Pentagon. His new position will pay him $180,000 a year. Mr. Currie had worked for Hughes as a vice-president before his Pentagon position.

Surrounding the White House and the Pentagon are offices of over 200 companies which produce weapons; moreover, the Pentagon is the only branch of government which has an office directly in the Congressional Office Building. This lobbying has paid off many times over for the arms industry. The business section of the *New York Times* recently reported that "the outlook for U.S. military industries is more cheerful today than in years." Moreover, there is the effort by the Pentagon to insure even higher profits for the arms industry through a program called "Profits 76." Senator Proxmire calls this program the "capstone in a new series



of handouts to the military-industrial complex and one of the biggest ripoffs that the taxpayer has ever suffered."

The effects of militarism on our society as manifest in the power of the Pentagon and the arms industry have been devastating. After World War II this nation was internationally viewed as a liberator and a symbol of hope. Over three decades we have become the leading supporter of right-wing dictatorships around the globe. We have also been the consistent leader in escalating the arms race, including the deadly business of selling weapons on the world market. The U.S. actually sells more than all the rest of the world combined, about $40 billion worth of arms since 1965, with current sales nearly averaging $1 billion per month.

The American people must face up to the power of the military/industrial complex, and understand the imperative need for a dramatic change in national priorities and goals. In addition, the popular rhetoric by simple minds as to which power is "number one" must be exposed as an inane super-bowl mentality projected into the realm of nuclear politics. By any rational standard, there can be no number one militarily, not when both sides have enough destructive power to virtually destroy civilization.

Apathy and indifference have allowed the arms race to evolve into a maniacal chess game where profit and power are the prize, and humanity the pawns. This brings to mind a satirical booklet written by Bertrand Russell and entitled "The History of the World." Mankind's entire history was covered in one sentence: "Since Eve ate the apple, man has never refrained from any folly of which he was capable. The end." The final two words were superimposed over a photograph of an atomic bomb explosion. Surely we have enough intelligence and courage to escape the absurd folly to which Russell alluded.

The need for immediate action can be underlined by the recent comment of William Epstein, former disarmament director of the United Nations: "For the first time in a quarter of a century of working with the problems of the arms race, I am beginning to get scared." Similar comments are being expressed by arms experts around the globe.

Fortunately, there are signs of a new awakening; a beckoning to life and the future from the very depths of humanity. One example is the multitude of petitions now circulating around the globe. One of these, the Stockholm Appeal, has already been signed by over 300 million people, including 100 million in the Soviet Union. At the same time the General Assembly of the United Nations has adopted encouraging resolutions, including one calling for an immediate ban on the development of all further weapons of mass destruction. It passed by a 112 to 1 vote, with the U.S. abstaining. An important and promising development is the UN Conference on Disarmament scheduled for 1978.

However, with the escalation proceeding to the point where the nations will collectively expend $300 billion on military programs this year (almost equal to the entire income of the poorer half of humanity), more dramatic action is mandatory. The great challenge is for all concerned people to become involved at all possible levels, for history has conclusively shown that major change takes place only when enough people sufficiently demonstrate they will no longer tolerate a given situation. We need only look at our own recent history in the Vietnam war or civil rights.

The immediate goal is clear: stop the arms race. This is a requisite to solution of other problems. However, one thing must be clear: the ultimate solution to the arms race, and the critical environmental and economic problems, can only be achieved through a global approach; essentially a transformed United Nations which has the authority to settle disputes between nations through the framework of world law, and the ability to establish a new economic order.

A new dawn, radiating the light of a progressive world community is possible, but only if enough people have courage to overcome the prevalent cynicism to rise and meet it.

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BLACK CATHOLICS

CHRISTOPHER VECSEY

Will the Church respond affirmatively to Black appeals?

The delegation from the Brooklyn Diocese contained no Black members a week before it was to attend the U.S. Bishops' Bicentennial conference in Detroit last October. A concerned caucus of Black parishioners protested the exclusion. As a result, five of the twenty-eight delegates were Black.

Black participants at the conference devoted to "Liberty and Justice for All" called on the Catholic Church to oppose racism within its ranks and within American society. In doing so, Black Catholics reaffirmed their Black solidarity without disclaiming their loyalty to the church. They indicated their identity, as Blacks and as Catholics.

Through three centuries the American Catholic Church has posed the question of the proper Black role within the church. The initial exclusion of Blacks from the delegation symbolized the church's longstanding ambivalence. Now Black Catholics have insisted that they, not the church, provide the answer. They have chosen to be advocates within the church for American social reform regarding Blacks. Today they are prompting the church to pressure American society for racial change. The question remains whether the church will respond affirmatively to the Black appeals, and in effect recognize the role Black Catholics have chosen.

Most historians agree that during the colonial period of American history the Catholic Church granted more religious respect and privileges to Blacks than did Protestant churches. The four Catholic settlement areas of what is now the United States—Florida, Alabama, Maryland and Louisiana—formulated codes which gave Black slaves the right to baptism, freedom from work on Sundays, church marriages, burial in consecrated ground; the church encouraged humane treatment of slaves and manumission of converted Blacks.

Catholic liberality toward slaves became a sore point for Protestant slaveowners (who discouraged and even forbade the baptism of Blacks because English law suggested that no Christian could be held in bondage). A 1745 letter from the Protestant Governor of Maryland warned Catholic leaders that their integrated religious ceremonies were causing Protestants alarm that Catholics would foment slave uprisings.

But whereas the official church position regarding slaves was relatively progressive (the Papacy opposed the slave trade from 1839), individual Catholics and orders of priests held slaves and the church's directives were not always followed by Catholic slaveowners. No evidence demonstrates that Catholics treated slaves any better than did Protestants. The supposedly benevolent attitude of the Catholic Church toward Black slaves was primarily theoretical and not carried out in fact.

In the North, there was friction between free Blacks and the newcomer Irish, competing for jobs, political patronage and housing. Throughout the nineteenth century Irish gangs were responsible for anti-Black riots, including an 1829 Irish riot in Cincinnati, an Irish riot in Philadelphia in 1834, and the infamous "Draft Riot" in New York City in 1863. Blacks associated the Irish with Catholicism, and anti-Irish feelings among many free Blacks turned into anti-Catholic feelings.

Moreover, the Catholic Church, eager to escape the frequent charges by Protestants that it was a foreign and subversive organization, attempted to acculturate itself and its members as far as possible in the South by supporting the slave system during the ante-bellum slavery debate. Even in the North, the anti-slavery position of some Catholic leaders like Bishop John England was seemingly in the minority. By the time of the Civil War much of the Catholic press, North and South, attacked abolitionism more than it did slavery. Officially the church was not pro-slavery; slavery was looked upon as a political issue, less important than spiritual issues and consequently the church did not take an official stand. A distinguished historian has chided the church for its lack of "farsighted or courageous leadership" during the slavery debate, noting that "members of the hierarchy by taking refuge in a conservative church tradition, entirely remote from the contemporary issue, contributed to the general impression that their church was pro-slavery."

At Emancipation there were approximately 100,000 Black Catholics in the United States, mostly in Maryland and Louisiana, although there were San Dominican and Cuban refugee Black Catholics in a few American coastal cities. At the Second Plenary Council in Balti-

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more in 1866 Bishop John Spalding and others called for an effort to convert and educate Blacks, but there was a lack of enthusiasm among American Catholics for the job. Father Herbert Vaughan, the English founder of the Josephite Fathers, toured the United States in 1871 in preparation for a mission to Blacks. He stated that local Catholic priests treated Blacks "like dogs," and he found that many Catholics thought Blacks had no souls. He often encountered official church hostility toward his missionary work.

In 1884 the Third Plenary Council reviewed the work already done and found little progress in either conversion or education of Blacks. The Council created a Commission for Catholic Missions Among the Colored People and Indians, called for priests and nuns to work among Blacks, and ordered a collection to be taken each year in every parish for Black missions (a collection that was blatantly ignored by many parishes). For the most part, Catholics did not respond to the call, and by the time of the large migration of Blacks to cities and to the North in the 1920s there were still few Black Catholics.

Catholics did not seem eager to have Blacks. Blacks did not seem eager to become Catholics. In the North they disliked the Irish. In the South they shared the general Protestant fear of supposedly subversive and foreign Catholicism. Blacks living in the rural South rarely had contact with Catholics, but any Blacks who became interested in Catholicism thought twice about converting because being Black was enough social stigma without becoming Catholic. In addition, there were only four Black priests in the United States before 1914; without Black leadership, Blacks were not likely to join a church. Blacks wanted control of their own churches during the post-Civil War period and the structure of Catholicism did not lend itself to local autonomy. As a result of these factors, few American Blacks had converted to Catholicism before 1920.

From the end of World War I to the end of World War II, over 2,250,000 Blacks left farms in the South for Southern (and then Northern) urban areas; today over 75 percent of Blacks live in cities. As they entered these cities, they moved into geographical areas which the Catholic Church calls parishes. A Catholic parish is not a congregation of certain people; it is a geographical entity which remains fairly constant once established irrespective of its inhabitants. As Blacks moved into areas like Harlem, the white parishioners left, but for the most part the priests and the churches remained. It was this situation—Blacks coming into contact with white Catholic parishes which were emptying of their white parishioners—that began a period of Black conversions to Catholicism.

In 1928 there were 203,986 Black Catholics; in 1940 there were 296,998. In 1947 there were 343,667; in 1957 there were 575,925; in 1967 there were 808,332. Today there are close to a million, or one out of every 50 U.S. Catholics. The growth rate of Black Catholics has been greater than that of white Catholics through the last fifty years. The greatest concentrations of Black Catholics are in cities of Lafayette, Louisiana (over 75,000 —the largest Black Catholic diocesan population), Washington, D.C., New York and Brooklyn, Galveston-Houston, New Orleans, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Detroit. The largest Black parish today is Corpus Christi in New Orleans with over 12,000 parishioners.

The strongest attraction of the church has been for middle-class Blacks. Interviews with converts in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago have shown that desirable features include: celibacy of clergy, absence of money scandals, restraint of ritual. New converts in these cities have been largely teachers, professionals, white-collar workers. The Catholic Church had a respectability they liked, and appeared receptive to Black participation.

Another reason Blacks converted was their desire to send their children to Catholic schools, where supposedly the discipline was better and morals were more strictly emphasized than in public schools. Catholic schools in many urban areas admitted non-Catholic Black children as a conscious missionary tactic; Blacks sent their children to Catholic schools and became attracted to Catholicism.

But the Blacks who did convert to Catholicism soon discovered that the church's Jim Crowism left Blacks on the borders of participation and use of Catholic facilities. Because they sought autonomy, some Blacks had accepted the policy of segregated churches set into motion by the Third Plenary Council; in fact, many Blacks had asked for separate churches in the late nineteenth century. But they soon realized that their being segregated did not lead to autonomy; rather, they were separate but still controlled by whites.

The church spoke of the virtues of indigenous Black culture. One respected Catholic wrote in 1941 that it was not necessary or desirable "to make the Negro an imitation white man in order to solve the so-called Negro question. The Negroes themselves have a race pride which will resent any such objectives." This sounds like fine sentiment today, but it was used then to insure the segregation of Blacks, keeping them from the best Catholic school facilities, from positions of power within the Church, from hospital care, from becoming priests and nuns, and from fully participating in the life of the church. In the late 1930s a priest at St. Charles Borromeo in Central Harlem carried a bullwhip to keep Blacks away; another Harlem church shut down for two years to avoid admitting Blacks. In the North as well as in the South Blacks were forced to sit in the back of Catholic churches when attending integrated services and were expected to receive the

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Eucharist last. These examples of racial discrimination were hardly the result of a benign church's desire to foster Black "race pride." Eighty percent of Black Catholics in the United States were members of segregated parishes in 1940.

Not only were Black laypersons segregated; so too were Blacks studying to become priests and nuns. Only since 1955 have Catholic orders accepted Blacks except in segregated orders. In 1970 only 900 out of 176,341 nuns in the United States were Black and of these two-thirds were in the three specifically Black orders: the Oblate Sisters of Providence, the Sisters of the Holy Family and the Franciscan Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary. There have been even fewer Black priests in America. The first, James Augustine Healy, was ordained in 1854. In the hundred years following his ordination, only 71 more Blacks became priests in the United States and although the 1960s saw a sharp increase in the number of Black priests, there were only 150 out of 55,581 priests in America in 1967, many belonging to segregated orders such as the Society of the Divine Word. Apparently the church was not encouraging full Black participation, much less Black leadership or Black autonomy.

During the late 1940s and early 1950s Black Catholics pressured the church to integrate its facilities; however, it was the 1954 Supreme Court school desegregation decision which forced the church to integrate rather than risk the loss of federal aid for schools and other facilities. Since then, the church's desegregation policy has been to follow the state in initiating change, to wait until it becomes legally necessary to integrate, while in theory attacking racism and racial discrimination.

In 1958 the United States Catholic hierarchy spoke decisively against racism, calling the question a "moral and religious" issue, firmly condemning segregation, and admitting that segregation had led to oppressive conditions for American Blacks. But whereas the statement was issued unanimously, there was bickering among the bishops behind the scenes and in fact the statement did not immediately result in a change in segregation policies within the church.

In the South only San Antonio integrated its schools and other Catholic facilities; whereas the church moved toward integration more quickly than did the rest of the South, it was far behind the national racial policy. In "border" cities like St. Louis and Washington, D.C. it took new bishops, Joseph Ritter and Patrick O'Boyle, to begin integration, and even then the movement was slow and resisted by the white laypersons in the dioceses. Some orders of nuns fled the Black urban areas along with their white lay constituents rather than teach Blacks. In 1967 the United States Office of Education ruled that many Louisiana Catholic schools were not in compliance with the 1964 Civil Rights Act and into the late 1960s the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare was still pressuring several Catholic dioceses to desegregate. This pressure might have continued if H.E.W. had not ceased to care about integraton during the Nixon regime. The fact is that de facto segregation has continued within the Catholic Church despite the church's official anti-racism pronouncements.

The reasons for this lingering racism are many, not the least of which is that the Catholic Church and its members in America have continued to share in the racism which is seemingly basic to American thought. Father Lawrence Lucas, one of the leaders of the recent Black Catholic movement, has said that "The Roman Catholic Church in America looks white, thinks white, and feels white. It prays white, worships white and in relation to black people, believes preeminently white . . . it is legitimate to call it a white racist institution." Father Lucas's claim is not far from the mark. Even when the church has not shared in blatant racism, it has frequently pandered to it, especially in the South.

Moreover, the Catholic Church has continued to view spiritual issues as essential and social issues as peripheral. Race relations have officially been a low priority for the church in America. Even when the hierarchy has decided on racial change, local parishes and individual

Catholics in the North and South have dragged their feet. As an example, diocesan schools and hospitals in the North were integrated long before private Catholic schools were. In Louisiana (where half the Ku Klux Klan membership is said to be Catholic, despite church prohibition) many white parishes have objected to the assignment of Black priests or the issuing of religious books which present Blacks and whites together. In Chicago a Concerned Catholic Parent group asked the F.B.I. in 1967 to investigate the Archdiocese because of a catechism with Civil Rights content. In the previous year white Catholic teenagers wearing scapulars and Catholic school sweatshirts threw bricks, bottles and verbal abuse at Catholic nuns and priests marching with Rev. Martin Luther King to protest segregated housing in Chicago. Even when the Catholic hierarchy and individual clergy have promoted racial equality within and without the church, they have been met with white Catholic lay resistance and hostility.

White racism has been exacerbated by the fact that in many Northern cities over 40 percent of the parish

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churches have been organized on a nationality basis. These ethnic blocs resisted Blacks by forming real estate clubs, "improvement associations," which kept Blacks out of white neighborhoods, thus out of the parish. In Chicago this practice was supported by many ethnic clergy in the more than one hundred national parishes. Today such blatant racism is rare, but subtle racism continues despite the widespread integration of the last few years.

Ironically, as the Catholic Church's facilities were finally integrated officially in the late 1960s, Black Catholics were finally realizing that integration itself was not such a significant goal as had been thought. Within the church as within the American society as a whole, Blacks—as Blacks—were seeking power for themselves, seeking the same privileges held by other Catholic ethnics.

The seeds of the modern Black Catholic Movement were planted at the first Negro Catholic Conference in 1899. This agency, which lasted for five annual meetings, consisted of Blacks and whites, and although it was in fact controlled by whites, it represented the first attempt by Blacks to gain some power within the Catholic Church. In 1925 Dr. Thomas Wyatt Turner, a Black botany professor, founded the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States, a better organized version of his earlier Committee Against the Extension of Race Prejudice in the Church. These organizations and the Black participation in the Catholic Interracial Council, formed in 1934, were further attempts by Blacks to participate more fully in the mainstream of the church. Increasingly Blacks saw Catholicism as a means of achieving Black goals, just as Black Protestant organizations have served as Black self-help groups. Moreover, as Blacks' expectations of Catholic racial progress were raised, they were continually disappointed by Catholic accommodation to racism. This disappointment resulted in an alienation from the church and feelings of cynicism toward it. Blacks were identifying more and more as Blacks, and less as Catholics; by 1968 a strong Black power movement within the Catholic Church was underway.

In that year the National Black Catholic Clergy Caucus, composed of Black priests and brothers, met for the first time and called its church "racist." Later in the same year the National Black Sisters' Conference was organized, and by 1970 the National Black Catholic Lay Caucus was meeting. Affiliated with these three organizations and in support of their activities was the National Office for Black Catholics. Created in 1970, NOBC's goals included sharing Black Catholic culture with the church at large, gaining greater Black participation in the church, and encouraging the church to pay closer attention to the needs of the Black community.

The important feature of these thrusts of the movement was that they were made up totally of Blacks, a fact that did not fail to upset white conservatives who had always supported Black meetings and parishes as long as they were run by whites.

Also in 1968 an article appeared in *Ebony* by Saundra Willingham, explaining why she, a Black Catholic ex-nun, had left her religious order. She wrote that when she had begun to feel a need to express and experience her Blackness during the Civil Rights movement, her fellow nuns could not understand her desire and did not sympathize with the Civil Rights movement in general. Her superiors warned her against concentrating on race; she felt closer to her Black friends and family than to her sisters in the convent who, she wrote, expected her to be "white." She said: "It became increasingly clear to me that I had to make a choice between the white authority-bound institution into which I had put myself and the black race into which I was born." She chose her race and left the convent (but not the church; she remained a Catholic who recommended the convent life—for whites). Her decision to embrace her Black identity was echoed by many Black Catholics over the next few years. By 1970 the first National Convention of Black Lay Catholics was condemning the Church's "missionary attitude" toward Blacks, proclaiming: "We are Black first and then Catholic."

The Black Catholic Movement has sought to express Black cultural forms and solidarity, but it has not been satisfied with supposed Black liturgy—spirituals, jazz, spontaneous testimonials, shouts and clapping—in Catholic churches such as St. Francis de Sales in New Orleans. "Soul" masses have not made Blacks any more an integral part of Catholicism; neither have they given Blacks more power within the church. Beyond liturgy Black Catholics have sought a Black theology emphasizing freedom, pride and the right of Blacks to share in this world's goods.

Blacks have asked for the sharing to begin at home, inside the Catholic Church. They have called for more Black priests in positions of power, beyond the 10 or 15 Black pastors and four Black bishops in the United States, only one of whom is actually head of a diocese—Bishop Joseph Lawson Howze of the newly created Diocese of Biloxi in Mississippi. They have demanded a recruitment program for Black priests and deacons and diocesan-supported agencies for developing Black leadership, resulting this year in the formation of a New York Archdiocese Office of Black Ministry. They have asked for an autonomous, Black-directed department of the U.S. Catholic Conference. They have called on the church to use its economic and political power to effect social change for the good of Blacks, as Project Equality, initiated by the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice has used Catholic purchasing power to work desired secular reforms. They have insisted that the church campaign against racism within its own ranks.

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The Black Catholic Movement has fought the closing of Catholic schools in Black neighborhoods, even where the majority of students attending the schools have been non-Catholic Blacks. Many Black parents consider education more important than religious programs and they think the church should subsidize its schools for Blacks. Furthermore, they insist that Black communities should control the Catholic schools in their communities. Thus far only one school has achieved that goal—St. Joseph's in the Roxbury Section of Boston, which has a 15-member parent board that has final say on teacher selection and curriculum; most of the students there are non-Catholic. The Black Catholic Movement would like to see more of this type of arrangement, in which the church pays the bills and the Black parents make the decisions.

Most fundamental, Black Catholics have sought to be full-fledged members of Catholicism, not wards of the church. Father Lucas has stated the Black complaint that "within the church, Black people are a controlled fringe group. The general role assigned to them is to be the recipients of white, Christian generosity and love. This generosity and love is really euphemism for patronage." Clearly Blacks have wished to be truly integrated into the church, but without sacrificing their Black roots. Newark's new Black auxiliary Bishop Joseph Francis, president of the National Black Catholic Clergy Caucus, finds it "unfortunate that we've too often seen ourselves as rather marginal in the hierarchical structure." He tells Black Catholics, "We have to see ourselves as an integral part. For those who don't see us that way, that's their problem, not ours."

Thus far the Black Movement within the Catholic Church has resulted in only a few of the proposed reforms. The white hierarchy has listened to Black demands, but without acting on most of them. Within many parishes the Black Movement remains a remote issue. The Catholic Board of Negro Missions and the Catholic Interracial Council seem uninvolved in the Movement's plans and activities, and the Brooklyn Diocesan delegation to the U.S. Bishops' Bicentennial would have included no Blacks, had Black parishioners not protested. While many Black demands such as the one for Black bishops of Black dioceses are not unreasonable, the strict seniority system of promotion within the Catholic hierarchy has been difficult to circumvent.

In the face of slow progress the Black Catholic Movement has resisted any temptation to withdraw from the Catholic Church. James E. McNeil, former executive director of the National Black Lay Catholic Caucus, said in 1974 that while Blacks must give advice to the church, they cannot become separatists: "There can be an organized Black movement within the church but not a separate Black church because that would go against the whole idea of Catholicism as the universal church." Last year a spokesman for the National Office for Black Catholics noted that those Blacks who became disillusioned with the church left it as individuals; "they didn't create any splinter movement."

To the contrary, recent statements by Black Catholic leaders indicate their trust in the church. Brother Joseph M. Davis, executive director of NOBC, rejects the notion that a Black schismatic movement was even a distant possibility in recent years. Instead he finds "greater Black participation in the church today than there was six to eight years ago," reflected in larger Black representation at national and diocesan meetings and the growing number of Black bishops. He does not think that all reforms have been accomplished, but he states that "progress has been made." Other Blacks view the church's anti-abortion stand as a bulwark against genocide. In such a light the church becomes a protector of the Black community.

Black Catholics today are reaffirming their bonds with other Blacks; however, they are not rejecting their identity as Catholics. They remain hopeful agents of racial progress within the church.

NELLIE HALL

FISHERMAN

You understand
the water
and those shadows
sun leaps for.
You place your hand
upon the fish
you bring to shore
in need
for measuring.
Something blurs
your vision—is it
moving grass
in wind and sun
so clarified
that green
is green's question?
or the fish itself,
a prehistoric being
of scales and lidless eyes?
Light waits simply
for the fish
in form
within the shadows' motion
near to where you draw
with simple touch
your open line.

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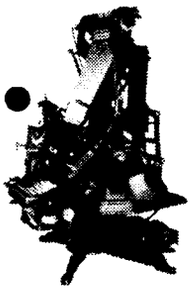
J.F.K.-R.I.P.

PRESS



There was a time when I thought it would be a good idea to conduct another official investigation of the death of John F. Kennedy. A good deal of my motive was simple curiosity. Every other investigation had turned up intriguing new stuff about the CIA and I figured another would probably come up with some more. This was a silly reason and I'm sorry for it now, but I also thought another, final, definitive study of the assassination would be good for the country.

Questions about the guilt of Lee Harvey Oswald had nothing to do with this. With the exception of one five-minute period late at night back in 1965, I have never doubted that Oswald did it all by himself. This is not an opinion based on intimate knowledge of the Warren Commission's volumes of evidence, much less on the now staggering corpus of assassination literature. I'm not sure the mind of man can any longer encompass the whole. It was just that the conspiracy theories with their Oswald doubles and switched rifles and shadowy figures on the grassy knoll seemed too strained and intricate to persuade.

The theory that Oswald acted alone had the virtue of simplicity. It explained all the facts, or did to me, and no one had ever come up with anything more compelling by way of disproof than discrepancies. Some people feel the earth shift beneath their feet when they read that a CIA memo referred to Lee *Henry* Oswald. I'm not one of them. Faced with discrepancies I tend to shrug. It's a temperamental thing. I am quite content to rely on the Law of Economy, which says that the simplest theory which explains all the facts is the correct one. I do not know of any facts which the Oswald Alone theory does not explain. I don't say it's impossible there was a conspiracy, only that I haven't seen any positive evidence of one. In its absence the Oswald Alone theory lets me sleep a'nights.

But a lot of other people, clearly, have been tossing and turning for years. A Gallup Poll last December found that only 11 percent of the American people think Oswald killed Kennedy for his own reasons, without help. Eighty percent think others were involved, with suspicions focusing, in order, on Cuba, the Mafia, "the Communists," and the CIA. This does not strike me as a healthy situation, revealing as it does a slippery sense that the most terrible crimes are possible, the most violent and direct intervention in the nation's life, without the guilty being more than dimly suspected, much less brought to justice. So I thought, as I say, that it would be a good idea to conduct another investigation in order to put people's minds to rest.

Now I think I must have been crazy.

The sixth investigation is underway, fitfully but probably irreversibly, and it seems to me to stand fair to add immeasurably to the confusion and doubt, muddying the waters perhaps for all time. The fault is partly that of the investigating body, the House Select Committee on Assassinations, which has already had three chairmen and is looking for a second chief counsel. The rest of the fault belongs to the press.

Perhaps fault is the wrong word, since it implies some sort of culpability or avoidable error and the role of the press in raising rather than settling doubts seems almost fated. In a situation like this one reporters can't really help themselves, which is no doubt a defense of sorts, but that does not seem to me to alter the fact that the press is helping the House Select Committee to elicit and even lend a kind of authority to every mystery, discrepancy, possible conspiracy and nutty theory to be found in all the vast literature on who killed Kennedy.

Stories about the Kennedy assassination have been a staple of journalism for nearly 14 years now, of course, swelling and ebbing with a kind of cyclical regularity like the tide. At the moment the tide is coming in with the House Select Committee, and before it begins to ebb again with the scheduled completion of the new investigation in two years' time the public is going to read more stories about awful possibilities than can ever be put to rest by any final report, however sober, thorough or voluminous its findings.

You can get an idea of the sort of thing the Select Committee must deal with by reading even a sprinkling of recent news stories about the Kennedy assassination. My own files on this subject are scanty indeed compared to those of dedicated newspaper clippers, but without even trying I have collected the following:

— October 22, 1975: the *Washington Post* says that two hours after Oswald's murder by Jack Ruby, the FBI office in Dallas secretly destroyed a threatening note from Oswald delivered about November 8, 1963.

— October 30, 1975: the *New York Times* says the FBI bugged Marina Oswald's room after the assassination but never told the Warren Commission about it.

— March 1, 1976: Hank Greenspun in the *Las Vegas Sun* says he has information that Castro was behind John F. Kennedy's murder and "very probably" was responsible for Robert F. Kennedy's death as well.

— March 22, 1976: stories in the *Times* and *Post* say a Cuban defector told the CIA that Oswald had been in contact with Cuban intelligence officers before the assassination. The CIA reported this to the Warren Commission, but the Commission declined to pursue it.

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— June 25, 1976: a *Times* story cites two Cuban agents who slipped out of the U.S. shortly after the assassination.

— July 9, 1976: the *Boston Globe* says Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis claims that Jack Ruby met with Castro in September, 1963:

— November 13, 1976: the *Times* says a Hoover memo to the Warren Commission has been discovered saying a highly reliable informant told the FBI that Oswald told the Cubans he was going to kill Kennedy. Commission members, however, deny ever seeing the memo.

— November 26, 1976: the *Washington Post* says the CIA has a transcript of an Oswald phone call to the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City in late September, 1963, and that only a *partial* transcript was turned over to the Warren Commission.

— February 5, 1977: The Associated Press reports that the CIA used its propaganda assets around the world to discredit conspiracy theories about the Kennedy Assassination.

— March 24, 1977: Jack Anderson says John Rosselli, murdered in July last year, had told him that he, Rosselli, *thought* Castro had captured and then turned agents sent to kill him, and used them to kill Kennedy instead.

—March 31, 1977: Widespread stories out of the House Select Committee saying that a woman who worked for Jack Ruby claimed Ruby had introduced her to Oswald, and that a nurse at the Dallas hospital where Kennedy died claimed to have seen four or five bullet fragments, not the single, nearly unmarked bullet which the Warren Commission said had wounded both Kennedy and John Connally.

— March 31, 1977: the *Post* reports that Charles Nicoletti, involved in the CIA-Mafia plot to kill Castro, had been murdered in Chicago.

— April 1, 1977: Widespread stories that William Oltmans, a Dutch journalist, claimed to have been told by George de Mohrenschildt, an Oswald friend who had committed suicide two days earlier, that the FBI, Texas oilman H.L. Hunt, Jack Ruby and Cuban exiles had all been involved in the Kennedy assassination, and that Mohrenschildt had known about it beforehand. The headline of the *New York Post* that day was "Cubans, Oilmen Tied to Oswald," which ought to make it eligible for some sort of award.

— April 11, 1977: Stories that Richard A. Sprague, the recently resigned chief counsel for the House Select Committee, hoped President Carter would appoint a special prosecutor to investigate the assassination. Sprague also said the CIA had admitted erasing the tapes of Oswald's call to the Cuban Embassy (see November 26 above), that FBI agents who had listened to the tapes did not think it was Oswald's voice, and that Santo Trafficant, who had refused to answer questions before the House Select Committee, "absolutely has useful information" on the Kennedy assassination.

These stories and others like them—there have been hundreds over the years—have a kind of numbing specificity. It is hard to remember the details from one minute to the next. There is hardly an aspect of the assassination which has not been called into question at one time or another, and whenever a new document or rumor or shadowy Cuban intelligence officer or CIA memo contradicting an FBI memo comes up it makes its way into print in grey paragraphs dense with names and dates and reports and chains of X told Y that Z heard such-and-such. The residue of these stories is not an ever-clearer record of what happened, but an ever-murkier suspicion things are not what they seem, a swamp of possibilities, a miasma of promising leads, a fact-smog of open questions and lost trails. The mind simply retreats from this awful mess, and one retains only a blurred doubt.

Things could probably be no other way. The assassination was too sudden, its consequences too great, and its cause—the sullen, twisted, righteous anger of one man—too trivial to be understood easily, cried over, and then forgotten. The inevitable questions would have been asked of fate itself, if they had not been asked of the Warren Commission.

But questions beget questions and the refusal to blame the man with the gun has so irritated and inflamed a wound to the mind that it has become a permanent, suppurating cancer of doubt. It was stupid of me ever to think that a mere investigation of the assassination might cure that open sore, and it was doubly stupid of me not to see that every trace scent of conspiracy which reached the House Select Committee would, inevitably, find its way into print. There it would simply add to the opaque fact-smog.

The responsibility for this process is partly the Committee's since its members have deliberately fed the public's expectations in order to ensure its own funding. At one meeting in mid-March they even discussed the best "choreography" or "scenario" for capturing and sustaining the public attention without which the committee might have been allowed to die at the end of the month.

But the blame must also rest on the reporters who will be hovering about the investigation for the next two years, looking for stories. No one is going to report that Oswald bought the rifle, or that the rifle was found in the Texas Schoolbook Depository, or that Oswald shot Officer Tippit. Those aren't stories.

What the reporters will write about will be the pieces that don't fit, and whenever a reporter suggests that the Committee doesn't seem to be coming up with something new, the Committee will probably come up with something new—anything new—and there will be one more report of a discrepancy, and one more question

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to undermine the Committee's conclusions even before they are reached. Of course it's only fair to repeat that reporters can't help themselves. They're supposed to hover about, cultivate sources, ask questions, and report the answers. That's their job. But it would be nice if everyone could simply step back even at this late date and say look, this isn't leading anywhere, there's no point to it, the hell with it; and let John F. Kennedy rest in peace.

THOMAS POWERS

THE LAST SYLLABLE OF RECORDED TIME

MEDIA

It was a central event of our time, and all the more depressing for being such. One wants the central events of one's time to be enlarging. They should illustrate the importance of the age, whatever it may be. But this made one feel instead the triviality of the age. It was one of those places where art, life and politics met, and brought home to us how diminished our sensibilities have become. It made us see that our imaginations now live, like some maiden aunt of history, in reduced circumstances. It gave us the terrible feeling that life itself must somewhow be more limited than it once was. How else can we explain what happened on TV May 4, when one of the most odious men of our time turned into a tragic hero right before our eyes?

Back during Nixon's first administration, I think it was, someone pointed out that he's the kind of guy who always tells you more about himself than you wanted to know. No one could have imagined then how true that would be—how Nixon would stumble into revealing those tapes whose disclosures would make us cringe at every turn. Despite all the cover-up and "stonewalling" that surround Watergate, all the efforts *not* to tell, you can't help wondering whether he didn't have a compulsion to end up in a position where he would have to tell after all—where he would have to surrender the tapes. Maybe the tapes were just an elaborate means to blurt out disappointment in public, the way he did after his 1962 defeat in California. Why else would he have made them, if not for the hazard, the masochistic joy, of risking their release? Nixon's psychological needs were always greater than his political needs anyway.

So there he was on the first of the Frost-Nixon interviews once again telling us more than we wanted to know—dealing with his psychological needs the way he always has, by making Freudian slips, saying "yet" when he meant "again" or, best of all, "forget" when he meant "remember." At first Frost gave the impression of being a real adversary, a match for Nixon in toughness and insistence. But by the end Frost looked dazed, like someone about to dribble on himself. As Nixon talked about how he cried in the Oval Office before resigning, and how he feels he let his friends down, let the American people down, cut-away shots caught Frost hunched forward with his eyes vacant and mouth slack looking completely desolated, completely helpless. You kept expecting to find in the next shot that his tie was pulled to one side, his collar ripped open and his hair mussed. That Frost allowed the editing to present him thus on his own program was a clear concession of defeat, as was the program's ending with a slow fade-out from Nixon. Nixon had Frost utterly spellbound.

Earlier there were times when Frost and Nixon didn't even seem to be having the same conversation. Frost would ask Nixon to admit criminal guilt, and Nixon would deny that he had used bad judgment. It was as if there were a gap between the two sides of the conversation. By the end, however, Nixon had bridged all gaps, even the one which has always lingered in Napoleon's formulation that politics is what modern man has instead of tragedy. Never before quite so equivalent as Napoleon claimed, politics and tragedy were bridged that night by television. In Nixon's hands it really is a medium, an art form mediating between politics and life. Frost's interview became a rerun of the "Checkers" speech. Anyone who wondered how Frost had induced Nixon to come on TV again was crazy. It would have been far more amazing had someone been able to keep him off. Only there could he make Watergate into something personal rather than legal. What had happened was not that a crime had been committed, but that a man in high office had been laid low. In other words, a tragedy.

I said before that one of the most odious men of the age had turned himself into a tragic hero, but the case is really worse than that. His odiousness is the very thing which qualified him for the role. Only by dragging himself like a slug through all the lies, perfidy, posturing, perjury, evasions, self-pity and bad acting of the show's first half could Nixon have arrived at the tragedy of his final speech. For whatever the intention of all that trickiness earlier, its effect was that he humiliated himself, and having humiliated himself, he became, like some Fellini hero, pathetic. What was he saying to us in the interview, after all? That he had done nothing wrong, but somehow everything had gone wrong—that he had done nothing wrong, but it had all come out as if he was guilty anyway, so he was sorry. I can't think when the tragic dilemma has been more classically stated. Nixon has always reminded us too much of that other Richard who was "sent into the world misshapen thus," that other crippled body politic, Richard III. But now it is as if our Richard III has turned out in the last act to be our Hamlet too. Maybe he is our Oedipus Rex as well, our true Nixon Agonistes, as Garry Wills saw him, and the only tragic figure we are capable of.

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Nixon's interview was the most compelling performance in American politics since Jackie Kennedy walked behind the caisson and the caparisoned horse at her husband's funeral. The two dramas had a lot in common, in fact. Both made the distinction between what was fake and what was real meaningless, beside the point. (It is only right, perhaps, that Camelot and Watergate should in the end come to the same thing.) Nor should there be any solace for us in doubting the sincerity of Nixon's final speech to Frost. Such doubt has always been our mistake where Nixon was concerned. We have always conceived of him as some Byzantine personality putting on a show of clumsiness, sincerity and gall. We thought this was our cynicism, our way of being in the know, of being wise to what a phony racket politics is. In truth, though, it was just our way of preserving a cock-eyed optimism and keeping our own politics, as they say, "viable." Nixon seemed so absolutely graceless in both the physical and spiritual sense. We were sure there *must* be something more than that to the man. Anyone who could get to the top, no matter how loathsome he was, had to be more complex than Nixon appeared to be. How could we continue to have faith in our own system otherwise?

The one possibility we couldn't face was that he really felt the meretricious, God-awful emotions he professed. This is why the Frost interview was a great blow to us. Here for certain was more than we wanted to know. Here was the revelation that Nixon was the one person we had always feared he was: himself, the person he had always seemed. The trouble with this revelation, as I said at the beginning, is that it makes life seem so small. What we saw on TV that night literally reduced the scale of our feelings. It seems that the last syllable of recorded time predicted by Macbeth is to be uttered by Nixon. How disappointing. Until then, I think I'll go back to the movies, where the image is, physically anyway, larger than life. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

THE MACHINING OF AMERICA

ROBERT L. KING

Julius Erving is the most colorful superstar of basketball, the sport without hats or helmets to obscure a player's face. His flashy style and his nickname, "Dr. J," stress his singularity; his fans outdo one another with stories of Erving improvising a "move" in mid-air as he confounds the mere mortals he plays against. Yet, when he explained why he would not report for the start of practice this year, Erving imaged himself impersonally, as a machine: "I have several unresolved business matters of uncompromising proportions to deal with. My frame of mind can not be programmed 100 percent on the game as long as these matters are in question."

Despite his flamboyant play and his unquestioned success as an individual among individuals, Erving has apparently caught the disease of our time —language that reduces the person to a thing. Like "programmed," many of our most popular expressions show that people who proclaim concern for human values actually worship man as machine.

Computer jargon constantly and casually runs through everyday usage. David Brinkley, without trying to be funny, reported on September 21st that Jimmy Carter returned to Plains "to program himself for the debates." Would anyone say of Lincoln that he prepared himself for Douglas by stuffing himself with information (or is it "data"?), presumably so that he would not have to think? Both Carter and President Ford, however, were content in their debates to project themselves as robot-like figures more concerned with "image" than substance. Ford's ignorant comment on Eastern Europe was, after all, forcefully delivered.

The misnamed debates dramatize how far we have come from the time when schools tried to teach a student how to think on his feet. It may have given some of us pain, but the method did assume that everyone could be trained to be poised and reasonable. Now, many educators do not ask their students or colleagues for ideas as part of a rational exchange—they want "input." Or, program yourself, discharge your data, and be done with it. No further thought required or desired.

A college president recently addressed a faculty as guest speaker and said that after a Catholic college formulates a statement of its mission, "one plugs into it." The New School advertises a course called "The Electric Mind." The beginner no longer

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studies psychology or history or French; he "gets into" it. A "student" or "scholar" has some kind of intellectual control over his material, but to "get into" an area reverses the traditional positions. Like these terms, many of our idioms assume that we do not think creatively; we function as "reactors."

If, after being plugged in, we no longer work well, our circuit is cut off; we are "terminated." Luckier employees get "retooled"; no one seems to learn new fields or to explore fresh ideas. With no clear irony or self-consciousness, the editors of *The Personnel and Guidance Journal* ask their readers, not for letters, but for "Feedback."

Technology, in all these examples, overwhelms the person, who is imaged as part of a larger machine. We do not grow as we reflect; we are subordinate to a self-contained device with a life of its own.

If this view were promoted only by the hucksters who breed bionic men and women for television, or who create mechanized societies in movies, we could laugh it off, but even those who sing to the young about love strip it of any serious emotional meaning. One husband-and-wife team, The Captain and Tennille, rose to fame and a TV series on a song with a positive title, "Love Will Keep Us Together," but the lyrics, alas, make the love object no more than an electric appliance who is asked, "When the others turn you off, who'll be turning you on?" The reassuring answer is a repeated "I will."

"Turn on," like "blow my mind," carries only favorable suggestions for those who use it; "That really turns me on" is said in a tone of near awe of an experience, a drug, or, ironically, a book. Reason, though, cannot rule a person who runs on a current; the irrational takes over, as it does in a Helen Reddy song:

You can fill my nights
And blow out all my lights
Till I see nothing right
By emotion my emotion

The mechanical man does not have to

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see the "right," but if he does not get turned on regularly or have his mind blown, he gets "uptight" (from too much winding?) and has to find release. Even though he has no mind, he makes selfish demands.

The word "love" itself is being supplanted by "it" in one widely used expression. The Oxford English Dictionary records that "make love" had an innocent meaning for centuries; it meant to woo or court before it became a euphemism for sex. The word file at Merriam-Webster's shows that in the last decade or so "love" has given way to "it," and as it does so, the emphasis falls on one set of senses isolated from another. A thing, an "it," takes place independently of the lovers.

In one song, for example, the speaker blatantly asks for selfish, impersonal gratification: "I want to make it with you." Desire dominates the grammar of the line—"I want" gives us the subject and verb; "you," the loved one, is the object of a preposition, not of affection. In another song, as the couple is about to part, one of them summons up a final plea, "I think that we can make it one more time. One more time for all the old times." To match the coldness of "it," this lyric keeps count; "one more time" is the rallying cry for an age of statistics. This "it" can indeed be tabulated because the expression puts love outside of meaningful human experience; it is a thing to do, not a part of life to share. Lovers, after all, "do their thing" in the words of a Roberta Flack hit, a song which significantly says "to" not "with"; "I feel like makin' love to you."

Surely to express a mysterious emotion as a "thing" or an "it" is to debase people in the same way that machine images do. People who would get angry at an open, dehumanizing attack on love can nonetheless hum these songs and buy the records, just as the everyday language of doctors, educators and other professionals implies attitudes toward human nature that they would never openly advocate.

When a Doctor Murray Geingold was asked on the "Today" show about his program of "genetic counseling," he corrected the expression to "genetic engineering." The journal *Child Development* carries a cover which shows no concern for individual children or their development—sixty-three figures that resemble underdeveloped gingerbread men without features, all neatly punched out in the same mold. The Blue Cross symbol fixes a stick-like figure on a wheel of torture. How easy, then, for doctors in Medicaid mills to say that they would "ping-pong" patients from one needless examination to another. If these readings seem unfair, recall what happened when the painful medical and moral issues raised by Karen Quinlan's condition became for layman and doctor alike a question of whether to "pull the plug." By the time the court allowed her parents to do so, the nation had pretty much forgotten her even though the ethical complexities remained alive—as does she.

Our most common everyday greeting, our way of recognizing other people, is shifting to embody new attitudes. Walk across a campus between classes or through an office in the morning and listen; many people will ask "How are you?" but more and more will you hear "How're ya doin?" In other words, "How is your machine functioning?" rather than "How do you feel?"

Almost as pervasive as this greeting are the promotions for the United Way, an organization that can justly be proud of its services to people. Yet, its lapel pin strings out three identical figures, like fossilized paper dolls. Its television ads show us individuals, to be sure, but at the conclusion a hand which looks more like a power excavator than a human thing encloses a Y-shaped icon, more a sling-shot than a body. Where there should be a head—what Alexander Pope called "that noble seat of thought"—we see a blank dot, a rock-like projectile. This picture confronts us on TV, posters and billboards; it is accompanied by a slogan that may intend otherwise, but its main subject and verb apply to the impersonal machine: "Thanks to you *it works* for all of us." "You" and "us" are grammatically subordinate here in much the same way that people are subordinate to institutions and programs throughout our society. The thing and its function matter most, as they do in discussions of abortion and welfare reform; the efficiency of the system counts for more than the human suffering.

Over two and a half centuries ago, Pope's friend Jonathan Swift attacked some forms of materialism in "A Discourse Concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit." The fictional author of the work, a scientific Modern, was too obtuse to see the ironic contradiction in his title, and he unwittingly satirized himself. As upset as Swift could get over the loss of spiritual values in his time, he could at least assume that his readers would, whether Christian Humanists or Deists or whatever, see the point of his profound joke. Besides knowing his audience, Swift had another advantage over our contemporaries—his parts were assembled properly; he could really get it all together, man.

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CRITICS

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UNIVERSITY PRESS BOOKS

Walter Arnold

"Why should we not also enjoy an original relation to the universe?" Emerson's leading question to Americans of any century (I almost said of any country), always too ready to take their culture packaged, is the spur to John McDermott's philosophical raids on the inarticulate in this exemplary, generative book, *The Culture of Experience: Philosophical Essays in the American Grain* (New York University Press, $13.75). Mr. McDermott is a famously effective teacher of undergraduates, and reading him is almost as good as having him in a course must be. His subject is primarily American philosophy, that is the American experience of nature, history, and culture seen through, in his phrase, "the American angle of vision." His scope and method of inquiry is that of John Dewey, but his spirit is ever ebullient-ly that of William James. His own "original relation" to the sources and ongoing stream of the distinctively American experience is virtually named by his book's title.

Accordingly, the most common themes of these diverse essays on community, radicalism, religion, education "cultural pedagogy," aesthetics, social medicine, and the city are a plea for a "radically empirical" openness to experience in all things and a plea for an aesthetics (in the *feeling* sense) of everyday life and a concern for the aesthetic dimension of social problems. (If Mr. McDermott's book only sends his readers back to his sources, particularly Dewey's remarkable *Art as Experience*, it will have succeeded so far.) Connecting associations of ideas and striking insights bestrew these pages. So, in "Nature Nostalgia and the City" it is surely true that "one of the deepest and most pervasive sources of our alienation [is] the separation of the affective life from the processess of urban experience." And in "Feeling as Insight" this observation is fully worthy of his master James: "How frequent it is that people retreat to a studied anonymity because the complex quality of their experience defies the recognized patterns of expression and explication." Philosophy as McDermott practices it ceases indeed to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method cultivated by philosophers for dealing with the problems of people. *The Culture of Experience* is a true artifact of active mind, which philosophy should ever be at its best. And this is the best American work in philosophy that I have read in some time. University presses should be proud of doing such books and should get the word out a little louder. Trade publishers should be ashamed that they do so few.

Jean Bethke Elshtain

The savants and philosophers of the nineteenth century, heirs of the Enlightenment, were not timid men. They posed, quite unabashedly, the most fundamental of questions: what is the nature of man? The question admits of no easy answers for man is, from birth, a being profoundly influenced by culture. How is one to disentangle man's "natural" nature from his "social" nature? Few opportunities for direct observation, for what scientists call a "controlled experiment," present themselves. Scholars are left with a metaphysic, a system of *a priori* abstract generalizations, or with a series of empirical observations detailing the characteristics of man as opposed to those of other creatures. Membership in the human species is settled by reference to those elements of the human condition which appear to differentiate us from others.

Neither *a priorism* nor empiricism settles the problem. Thus contests raged between those who held to the notion that man in the state of nature was a Rousseauian "noble savage," pure in heart, affectionate, as yet untainted by a corrupt society and those who argued that, apart from society, there was no "human" nature at all. The case of "*du jeune sauvage de l'Aveyron*" promised to help determine, once and for all, what is man. The "wild boy" was captured in 1800 in a district of southwestern France. After a series of escapes and recaptures, during which a naturalist made a detailed description of him which has survived, the wild boy was placed in the Institute for Deaf-Mutes in Paris under the tutelage of one Abbé Sicard, an authority on the retraining of the deaf, and a member of the Society for Observers of Man who had taken a special interest in the case. The Society believed the wild boy would help to resolve their philosophic speculations concerning man's nature, the relationship between nature and nurture, whether there were innate ideas, and so on.

The Abbé shortly gave up on the wild boy as hopeless. Harlan Lane's second book, *The Wild Boy of Aveyron* (Harvard University Press, $15), depicts, strikingly, why the boy who had aroused such initial curiosity and enthusiasm, rapidly invited disinterest and disgust. For, rather than some incarnation of Rousseau's noble savage, what those who observed the wild boy dis-

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covered was "a disgustingly dirty child affected with spasmodic movements, and often convulsions, who swayed back and forth ceaselessly like certain animals in a zoo, who bit and scratched those who opposed him, who showed no affection for those who took care of him; and who was, in short, indifferent to everything and attentive to nothing."

At this juncture a remarkable young man enters the story: a twenty-six year old doctor, Jean-Paul-Marc-Gaspard Itard who, in 1800, undertook the wild boy's education. A devotee of a sensualist epistemology which opposed the doctrine of innate ideas and argued that man was utterly dependent upon society, Itard developed a rigorous program of education for the approximately twelve-year-old youth who had been deprived of human company, so far as could be determined, from the age of three to five on. Those, like the Abbé Sicard, who had given up on the wild boy, insisted that he had been left in the wild because he was an idiot. Itard took precisely the opposite tack: he saw in the wild child one who was "an idiot because he was left in the wild."

Lane documents Itard's arduous, painful, sometimes hopeful, often despairing efforts both to educate and to humanize the wild boy of Aveyron. Itard discovered that, outside of human society, even our most basic senses remain unfocused and unintegrated and center upon one thing only: the stomach. Itard attended to each of Victor's (as the wild boy came to be called) sensory modalities separately—first to arouse them and then to "organize them." Itard's Herculean efforts came to a dramatic halt with the onset of puberty. Unfocused, unchanneled sexuality proved to be too much: earlier efforts were, in part, swamped and the boy regressed back to a more "wild", that is, unsocialized state. For general readers, Lane's account of Itard's devotion and indefatigability will prove fascinating and moving, particularly his efforts to instill in Victor a disinterested sense of justice and to arouse the complex human emotions of gratitude, pity, and remorse. Itard was handicapped by the absence of a theory of moral development which incorporates sexuality systematically into its account; in other words, he hadn't the benefit of Freud. Thus Itard was not prepared to deal with Victor's explosive and unsocialized sexuality and the wild boy's program of education came to an end.

Lane's book itself doesn't end with Itard's work with the wild boy of Aveyron but goes on to trace Itard's contributions to methods of education for deafmutes and the mentally retarded. But the book really lives and breathes in the section on Victor, a peculiar being not, as some would have it, like the beasts—who, after all, are adroit and adept within their habitats—but a less-than-human human being, one who reminds us that our "debt to nurture" is "very heavy indeed," extending even to our most "elementary sensory discriminations." Without society we could neither identify objects, nor categorize, nor speak, nor engage in social relationships. In the poignant words of Itard himself:

> Cast upon this globe without physical strength or innate ideas, incapable by himself of following the fundamental laws of his nature which call him to the first rank of the animal kingdom, it is only in the heart of society that man can attain the preeminent position that nature has reserved for him. Without civilization he would be one of the feeblest and least intelligent of animals.

Norris Merchant

In *The English Catholic Community 1570-1850*, (Oxford Univ. Press, $24.95) Dr. John Bossy has produced an unconventional portrait of English Catholicism from the time of its loss of legal status under Elizabeth I till its "Second Spring" (as Newman put it), the hierarchical restoration of 1850. Far from portraying Catholic survival as purchased by surrender of vitality, Dr. Bossy shows a remnant of the faithful forced by their minority, suspect status into innovative, meaningful resolutions of lay-clergy conflicts, questions of liturgy and of lay participation in parochial decisions, and matters of relationship with other Christian minorities.

Dr. Bossy's largely sociological perspective poses English Catholicism, *sans* hierarchy, as a dissenting, separatist denomination, thrown together with, and having surprisingly much in common with Unitarians, Quakers, and Presbyterians. Nevertheless, sufficient instances are given of the secular clergy's failure, during the early phase of their disestablishment, to appreciate these somewhat humiliating equivalencies, remembering as they did the power and pomp of earlier times, and desiring to reinstate perished magnificence with the help of nation-shaking interventions. The seculars were then preponderantly sons of the gentry, whose religious longings evoked a feudal romanticism.

Given such an opportunity, the landowning laity, Dr. Bossy shows, managed to preempt their priests. It was they who accused the most autocratic of their already shorn bishops, Richard Smith, of treason, and forced him to seek a two-year refuge in the French embassy before fleeing—an event that helped to end clerical predominance in the community for two centuries. (Many of the *regular* clergy seem to have assisted the victors in this seventeenth century revolution.) Among the results were semi-congregational forms of policy in several noted parishes, especially in Lancashire; rather novel vernacular prayer services; the sense of being a missionary enterprise, with subsequent energy and expansiveness; and unusual collaborations, when "dissenters" (including Catholics) with a distaste for enthusiasm "attended sermons in one another's chapels."

The strong, implicit suggestion of this careful, elaborately learned study is that a minority faith, in a world that snubs it, may awkwardly fight its way to unforeseen forms of inner vitality and external influence.

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Bernard Murchland

History holds the deep and often dark secrets of cultural identity. The ruling ideas of a nation are, to paraphrase Marx, the ideas of powerful historical forces. For that reason good history (understood here as the history of ideas) is necessarily good philosophy. This was not Aristotle's view but it seems to me existentially the case that history furnishes us with the raw materials of choice and identity as well as of ideas.

The Enlightenment in America by Henry F. May (Oxford University Press, $15), impressed me as a superb study of certain key ideas that shaped the American nation. Professor May distinguishes four phases of the Enlightenment period: The Moderate Enlightenment (Newton, Locke, Pope) stressed balance and order; the Sceptical Englightenment (Voltaire, Hume, Holbach) was essentially iconoclastic in its thrust, denying not only the grounds of traditional belief but attacking the claims of reason as well; the Revolutionary Enlightenment (Rousseau, Goldwin, Paine) announced that a new age had dawned on the ruins of the past and proclaimed that the perfectibility of human nature would lead mankind to virtually unimaginable heights of achievement; finally, the Didactic Enlightenment (based primarily on the teaching of the Scottish Realists) opposed both scepticism and revolution but was sympathetic to such Enlightenment values as rationality, progress and a moral sense.

Categories like the above have evident limits and are defensible only insofar as they throw light on the subject matter under study. May makes them work very defensibly indeed. These are some of the conclusions he reaches. The Sceptical Enlightenment had least influence on the new nation. Americans were not then nor are they now very good sceptics. The Revolutionary Enlightenment, at least insofar as it inculcated a belief in moral and political progress, was of some considerable influence. Extreme beliefs in radical perfectibility or some "fiery millennium to come" were less influential. It was, however, the Moderate Enlightenment in tandem with the Didactic Enlightenment that was to have the most lasting influence on American institutions and mores. May cites the durability of the anti-majoritarian institution of judicial review as evidence of this conclusion. Of it he writes: "It has successfully defended itself not only against strong reforming emotions in the nineteenth century, not only against right-wing demagogy in the twentieth, but against direct attacks by the most popular and skillful leaders of the people: against Andrew Jackson and Franklin Roosevelt."

To put it briefly, the American nation was formed dialectically out of the clash between the faith of the Christian tradition and the ideas of the Enlightenment period. The struggle between faith and knowledge (which is an ancient one, predating even the Greeks) is ultimately a struggle for control and direction of our basic psychic energies. Our survival, history would seem to suggest, depends upon some creative compromise between the claims of each. May's study gives an illuminating account of how that balance was struck in the formative years of the American character.

John Ratte

Religion can, and must exist in the modern world. God is immanent in human culture and is revealed through the development of culture. Human society is moving towards the attainment of the Kingdom of God preached by Jesus—"even though it may never attain the reality."

These are the marks of American Protestant modernism traced in *The Modernist Impulse in American Protestantism*, by William R. Hutchison (Harvard University Press, $15), through

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the works and lives of a variety of theologians, popular preachers, and publicists, from the Unitarian movement in the 1870's to the eclipse of modernism in the years after World War I, when modernism *and* liberalism were over-whelmed by what Professor Hutchison calls "the neo-orthodox onslaught." They are the marks as well of the European Catholic modernist episode which covered approximately the same decades, and which succumbed, not only to the strictures of Pius X, but to another kind of neo-orthodox resurgence.

But what of liberalism? Hutchison sees modernism as the "central force" in the liberal movement in the period 1870-1930, and defines the larger enterprise of Protestant ideas as older, and as an impulse which survives not only the modernist phase, but neo-orthodoxy as well. Liberalism emphasizes God's immanence in human nature and history. Universal religious sentiment behind "the variegated forms of religious experience" and creeds and churches; good works seen over "professions and confessions"; the primacy of the incarnation; and "modifications of the more rigorous doctrines concerning God's sovereignty, human wickedness, and the exclusiveness of Christian revelation" are the liberal principles.

The excitement and elegance of this major work in the history of religious ideas comes from the care with which Hutchison keeps both the larger liberal movement, and the intense modernist 'impulse' (the word is precisely chosen) before the reader as he learns about pulpit battles, and the struggles of schools of theology in universities and seminaries. Although the author states that he is doing classical intellectual history—"the development . . . of particular ideas over long spans of time" —these ideas are given a broad setting in American culture and linked constantly with the European Protestant background. Hutchison builds his own odyssey, as Christian thinker as well as historian, into the tale, and treats each of his men (and many of them will be obscure to even the sophisticated general student of American religious culture) as what they were, religious creatures of passion and intensity.

And unlike other students of this fascinating period, who can find little to rescue from the shipwreck of European optimism in the future in the era of total war, Professor Hutchison reminds us that the other two modernist notions, the sense of divine immanence, and the ability of the religious impulse to adapt to human history, are still a vital, "if controversial" inheritance from those decades.

Catholics who know they must still come to terms with their own phase of "the modernist impulse" will learn much from this splendid piece of engaged, scientific, and lucidly written history.

John P. Sisk

Though there is God's plenty—including some extremely useful autobiographical information—in this collection of twelve recent essays, it must not be thought of as a grab bag. No one sounds more like a well-integrated self than Frye, whether he is writing about Yeats's *A Vision*, the Elizabethan masque and antimasque, the letters of Wallace Stevens, Blake's illustrations for *The Book of Job*, the dismal sexual symbology surrounding the humanities, Darwin, the equidistance of the humanities from the social sciences and sciences, the place of charms and riddles in literature, the relation between Milton's *Samson Agonistes* and *Paradise Regained*, or the advantage of a metaphor of interpenetration over the more familiar "horizontal" metaphors of connecting, uniting and reconciling.

For those who have read Northrop Frye over the years, the first and fifth essays—"The Search for Acceptable Words" and "Expanding Eyes"—in *Spiritus Mundi: Essays on Literature, Myth, and Society*, (Indiana Univer-

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sity Press, $11.50) are likely to be particularly welcome since their subject in great part is the mental history of one of our most important critics. The first essay is much concerned with the university as a special kind of community for humanists, in which teaching and research cannot be separated "even in emphasis," in which the pseudo-scientific analogy is as much a threat to literary studies as the "neo-Nazi slogan of relevance," and in which it is important for the literary scholar to pick "a major writer of literature as a kind of spirit preceptor for himself."

Frye considers the second of these two essays to be the keystone of the book. Its larger dimension of interest stems from the fact that it also raises "most of the assumptions around which my work at present revolves." Of special interest is his account of the importance to his development of the work of Sir James Frazer, Jung and Spengler, the latter of whom ought to be read "as a Romantic and symbolic poet." Frye, incidentally, confesses to being puzzled with the influence of a "poet" so antipathetic to him in so many ways. The antipathy, if not the puzzlement, is sufficiently indicated in his remark about theories of recurrence as he finds them in Nietzche and Yeats: that cyclical images seem "to be central and indispensable to fascist and Nazi views of history."

Bruce Vawter

One of the most exciting books from a university or any other press to cross my desk in recent times is Herbert N. Schneidau's *Sacred Discontent: The Bible and Western Tradition* published in 1976 by the University of California Press at Berkeley. Containing some 345 paperbound pages and twenty-three plates, at $5.95 this has to be one of the real literary bargains of the year.

Schneidau is Professor of English at the University of California and his work witnesses to the mastery of his discipline. It is more than a pleasure to record that even in the realms of academe and of scholarship the majesty of the English language remains a willing tool for one who has learnt how to use it. Just as a piece of elegant prose this book is a delight to read.

But Schneidau has also made himself thoroughly conversant wtih mythopoeic thought and biblical scholarship as well as with the associated archeology and anthropology, and it is because of these attainments that he writes with such interest to me. This is not your predictable book on "biblical relevance." Rather, Schneidau challenges western man to recognize how different he is from most other men who have ever lived, and to acknowledge how much this difference is due to the Bible—by which he means, mainly and quite rightly in this case, the Old Testament. Anyone at all familiar with the "high cultures" of antiquity—to which, of course, we are also clearly tributary in countless ways—is aware of their radical difference from the world of the Bible. The nature of that difference, however, may not have been equally clear, nor to whose advantage it has been. (Spiritual heirs of Matthew Arnold, please note.) This book should aid the clarification.

The Old Testament, contrary to the world about it, refused to canonize culture, the cosmos, time, space, even ideals. Hence that "sacred "discontent," that creative "alienation" in whose praise Schneidau writes in his first chapter. And hence much, if not all, of the dynamism, the personalism, the view of history as a means of learning, and the refusal to acquiesce in what is that are some of the better traits of the western tradition. I would hope that all who read it will find this book as stimulating as I did.

BOOKS

CHARTING RELIGIOUS LANDSCAPES

PAUL R. MESSBARGER

A Nation of Behavers

MARTIN E. MARTY

U. of Chicago, $8.95

The New Religious Consciousness

EDITED BY
CHARLES Y. GLOCK &
ROBERT N. BELLAH

U. of California, $14.95

Some years ago I was introduced to an academic discipline called Historical Geography. What is especially interesting about this field is that in addition to studying the conventional topics of the physical environment—topography, climate, etc.—and interactions with organisms, the historical geographer seeks to know the human perceptions of the environment and the effects of that perception on the use of the land. A classic example is the early imaginings of the trans-Mississippi West, growing out of the Jeffersonian ideal of a nation of subsistence farmers rather than an accurate understanding of the territory itself, that led to some of the more disastrous limitations of the Homestead Act.

Martin Marty's *A Nation of Behavers,* a study of changes in Amer-

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ican religion during the past dozen years, employs and extends a geographical metaphor, the religious historian as mapmaker. But his interest, like that of the historical geographer, is as much the modes of perceiving this landscape as with the religious configurations themselves. The epigraph for the book, a line from a Wallace Stevens poem, is the key to Marty's purposes: "We live in the description of the place and not in the place itself." Accordingly, the book is persistently reflexive, each successive foray into the wilderness of proliferating religious subcultures accompanied by a sane and richly suggestive epistemological discussion. As such, this is a book on history and about the writing of history, a sensitive guidebook for the bemused observer of the contemporary religious scene as well as a sophisticated exercise in historiography for the advanced scholar.

Risking the objection that events of the past decade are as yet too inchoate to permit an historical ordering, Marty bravely sets out to chart the shifts in the religious landscape, including the altered boundaries of established religious communities as well as fresh eruptions of altogether new forms of religious expression. Chapters on the six principal groupings that account for all social manifestations of current religion—on 'mainline' religions, on Evangelicals and Fundamentalists, on Pentecostals and Charismatics, on new or newly-explored religions, on Ethnic and Civil Religions —provide useful tools by which to identify a myriad of phenomena as well as to assess their significance. But it is the very condition of fluidity that interests Marty, a protean quality in the environment that is seen not so much as a temporary abnormality as just possibly a permanent condition of American religious life. Whatever the cause—and Marty offers a modest account of the effects on consciousness of life in an industrial and democratic world, the increasing privatizing of efforts to establish personal identity through social location—and whatever the durability of the condition, this "blurring" of territorial boundaries argues for a different kind of historical analysis. And here Marty is most helpful and persuasive.

In an early chapter on the history of religious history, the author identifies three earlier kinds of mapping that correspond not so much to the limits of historical method as to the nature of the religious phenomena themselves. Thus colonial history emphasizes theological distinctions among religious bodies; nineteenth century history concentrates on institutional or organizational characteristics among competing denominations in an officially pluralist society; and in the 1950s sociologist Will Herberg designed a third paradigm for understanding the upsurge of religious activity in his influential *Protestant, Catholic, Jew*. Marty calls this design 'political', the analysis revealing the effects of the postwar hunger for social identity, the reciprocal legitimizing of national ethos and religious affiliation through the formation of what was later to be called Civil Religion.

Marty's own analysis is informed by a fourth kind of mapping, what he calls 'religious social behavior.' A species of social history, employing tools and insights from a variety of disciplines, this method seeks to understand and identify the 'content' of religious faith at the level of group experience, a level only partially illuminated by articulated beliefs and by organizational structure. How, Marty asks, does membership, for example, in a Pentecostal sect manifest itself in everyday living, in attitudes and perceptions, in understanding of self as well as external reality. Such explorations take one into the nexus of meaning and belonging, of belief and behavior, the shadowy region where faith is lived. One enters this region equipped not only with the tools of the social scientist but also with a disposition to weigh and interpret the covert signals of group identification.

Marty's own interpretation of his six groupings are, by his own admission, tentative and undernourished, lacking in the extensive and close observation his model requires. But to have defined the territory, to have provided the vocabulary by which to identify the several zones, and to have demonstrated the qualities of mind and imagination necessary to the art of writing history is quite enough for one book.

The Glock-Bellah book might well be described as a companion volume to Marty's. To a remarkable degree, *The New Religious Consciousness* undertakes to study the behavior of religious groups almost as though in response to Marty's model. The idea for the book came from a seminar conducted at the University of California-Berkeley during the 1970-71 school year. With the assistance of a research grant and under the direction of Professors Glock and Bellah, the members of the seminar studied nine separate groups whose origins and growth were closely associated with the counter-culture movement of the 1960's. Among the nine are three divisions marking those inspired by Oriental thought, those inspired by Western religious traditions, and those reflecting secular versions of the counter-culture.

Over periods as long as two years, each researcher closely studied his/her assigned community, participated in its rituals, read its literature, and interviewed individual members. In addition, each observer developed independently techniques for getting and interpreting data on the group, the entire research team bound only to the common objectives of the study: "to learn at first hand what it is about various alternative approaches to reality that appeal to youth, what constitutes the alternative states of consciousness they seek to foster, and what the prospects are for these movements to have a significant and perma-

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nent place in American culture."

The resulting essays are as fascinating as their subjects are various. One learns for example the ritual content of a sunrise service of the Healthy-Happy-Holy Organization, of the appropriation of radical leftist rhetoric by the Christian World Liberation Front, or of the intense concern of the Church of Satan to create a public image acceptable to the larger society. Exotic as some of the beliefs and practices are, the authors observe a careful objectivity of tone and judgment, restraints which confer a sometimes unexpected dignity on their subjects. The cumulative effect of these surveys is to persuade the reader that something indeed is happening in our society that cannot simply be written off as variations on the ageless rites of passage; and while no one can safely predict the durability and impact of any one sect beyond the next twenty-four hours, all have progressed beyond the stage of media events, most have evolved an institutional character, and some have "succeeded" to the point of having their features absorbed into the life of the established churches. And perhaps most important, the collective data, however ephemeral individually, reflect a profound division between the needs of literally millions of our youth and the norms and values of middle-class America. The Hare Krishna may well be marginal to American society, but to return to Marty's metaphor, all represent cracks and fissures in the surface that betoken powerful subterranean upheavals.

As a lifelong midwesterner, I am perhaps least sympathetic with the regional exclusiveness of the study; all the observations were conducted in the San Francisco Bay area. However convenient to the control aspects of the survey, I am not persuaded that California is the cradle of future American civilization. But the book is more than the surveys and that 'more' is the authenticating element. Additional chapters assess the effect of the new religions on mainline churches and on the general society. Another essay offers important historical perspective through a summary of that part of the American past most like the present, the religious awakenings of the nineteenth century. And the final two chapters, the work of the two editors, give a vital philosophical depth to the entire project. Bellah's essay is particularly moving, as he draws on his considerable learning to fashion an interpretation of the principal intellectual and religious currents of the past 300 years, currents converging on the present with a force sufficient to produce permanent alterations in the way we perceive reality. That essay alone is worth the price of the book, undergirding the entire project with a combination of intellectual depth and moral earnestness that are the hallmarks of prophecy.

For the past few years, conventional wisdom has come to view the '60s as an interlude, a brief cultural hiatus that took on an appearance of magnitude and consequentiality far in excess of its real character. And for many of those who once identified their hopes for social renewal with the civil rights and anti-war movements, the luxury of a return to even superficial tranquillity neutralizes any feeling of personal betrayal. Both of these books argue that we not only have a great deal to learn about that feverish decade, but that it has left a permanent mark on the religious character of this society.

Bernini Is Dead? Architecture and the Social Purpose

JOHN BURCHARD

McGraw-Hill, $25

ERIC COCHRANE

For some distinguished scholars, retirement can bring notable rewards. After a lifetime of piling up monographs, pouring over texts, preparing lectures, cajoling colleagues, and supervising graduate assistants, they can at last stop to reflect. If their experience has been particularly broad, if their professional commitments have brought them into contact with the great monuments of the past and the great men of the present, and if their observations have been enriched by extensive reading, then their reflections can be of interest even to the layman, particularly if their field of specialization happens to be one like art history, which enjoys a considerable popular following.

Certainly John Burchard has all the credentials for membership in this category. He is, or has been, "a giant figure in American architecture," as the publisher's press release points out. He has written authoritively on modern German and American architecture. He has presided over eminent departments, colleges, and professional associations. He has been honored by academies, foundations, and even governments. He has inspected stones of aesthetic value from Brasilia and Tokyo to Collegeville, Minnesota. He has met all the famous architects and art historians of his generation. Better yet, he has been provided with money,

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leisure, and comfortable quarters in the Rockefeller Foundation's villa at Lake Como in order more easily to put his reflection into writing.

Unfortunately, Burchard seems to have encountered a number of serious difficulties as soon as he began to write. First, the genre he had originally selected, travel literature in the tradition of Ruskin and Somerset Maugham, soon dissolved into a series of stream-of-consciousness associations: Trajan's column reminded him of what Aristotle said about Athens, which reminded him of Kyoto. He therefore experimented with organization by building materials (wood, stone), then by location (Rome, France), and finally by successive chronological ages (Romanesque, Gothic) in accordance with the traditional art-history textbook format. As a result, many of his more interesting reflections have been lost in what amounts to no organization at all.

Second, his knowledge even of architecture turned out to be somewhat less than universal. Ten centuries of Byzantine buildings are confined to a few fleeting pages. Rococo is tacked on as an afterthought to Baroque. Post-Columbian Latin America is limited to one or two asides. All pre-Columbian Exposition and post-Prudential Building Chicago is resolved into the Tribune Tower and 860 Lake Shore Drive. Stranger still, the some 250 years of European architecture between Neo-Classicism and Art Nouveau is simply omitted, with the rather dubious excuse that they constitute an "overlong and architecturally unhappy age." All that is left of his pretensions to universality, then, are a number of Rabelaisian lists, in which the elements are frequently inconsistent and sometimes even erroneous:

> . . . the slave-driving necrology of Egypt, the pagan sacrifices of the Greeks, the sybaritic lives of the Persians, the blood-thirsty Moors, the obscene sculpture of the Hindus, the acquisitive Christian crusaders, the worldly ambitions of men like Abbot Suger, the venal men of the Renaissance . . ., to say nothing of the Aztecs, the Incas, the Mayas, the samurai, the shoguns and the mandarins, and the principal clients of today (p. 33).

Third, after having spent so much time mastering such recondite subjects as Japanese temple nomenclature and Cameroonese village structure, he was forced to rely, even for many of the buildings he insists are important, on one or two standard, and not always current, surveys. Much of what he says about ancient Rome is taken from William MacDonald's *Architecture of the Roman Empire*, rather than from the many relevant specialized studies now available; he therefore misses such provocative new hypotheses as that of H. P. l'Orange about the architectural revolution of the age of Diocletian. Much of what he says about Renaissance Italy comes from Geoffrey Scott's *Architecture of Humanism* (1914). And that may be why he is "repelled" by Palladio, "unexcited" by "Leon-Baptiste" Alberti and the church of "San Spirito" (sic.), and bored by his abridged English translation of Vasari.

More serious still, Burchard lacks a coherent system of aesthetic principles. At one moment he tries to make function the servant of form. But at another he condemns Bostonians for letting an imitation of Palazzo Farnese determine where they shelve their books. At one moment he prefers to admire ancient buildings in their present state, since ruins are "magnificent." But at another he insists that ruins are merely the first step in a process of "reconstructive imagination"; and he accordingly spends most of a chapter ridding Pericles' Acropolis of its Roman and Byzantine accretions. Similarly, he proclaims buildings to be unintelligible apart from the historical circumstances in which they arose and flourished. But his occasional excursions into history invariably involve him in misrepresentation or error. Roman bureaucrats embraced Christianity, it seems, because that was "the 'in' thing to do" (p. 50). The Athenians "indulged in '*hubris* . . . and praised *areté* without always seeking it" (p. 269). The Roman Empire after "the Byzantine" Justinian "fell apart rather suddenly and thereafter suffered its ups and downs until the final conquest of Constantinople" (p. 337). By not bothering to correct such statements, he gives the impression that history is, after all, irrelevant to the appreciation of architecture. Thus all that remains of an aesthetic theory is a certain number of qualitative adjectives — "dramatic," "remarkable," "delightful," "convincing"—and an occasional enigmatic noun cluster: "corruption, mannerism, Baroqueism (sic.), whatever you wish to call it" (p. 501). The reader is never told what drama has to do with architecture, what buildings are supposed to convince him of, why mannerism (rather than *Mannerism?*) is corrupt, why he should prefer Mies van Rohe to Buckminster Fuller and a Roman bridge in Spain to the Guggenheim Museum. And he will find little help in his quest from the collection of well-known views of well-known structures reproduced—not too clearly—in the appendix.

To be sure, even Burchard's purely subjective likes and dislikes will be of interest to his disciples and colleagues. Some of them are well enough expressed to amuse the lay reader as well. Modern architects, he proclaims, are "a fairly feline lot, with all the sensitiveness that Montaigne attributed to cats" (p. 576). Many of them "abandon architecture to build bungling cabins in the woods." Still others "have their nostrils well turned toward the bakery" (p. 589). After all, Las Vegas motel strips and chairmen of corporate boards are always good for a laugh.

But unfortunately most of these proclamations turn out to be expressions merely of a profound contempt for the profession of which the author has long been a leading member and of an unmitigated hostility toward the age he lives in. The first, it seems, has been wrecked by "our unholy system of graduate education," which had made its victims "quite incapable of any sensuous reaction" and which has turned scholarship into a mass of "trivia . . . damnably dull even to professionals" (pp. xviii, 12). The sec-

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ond has been destroyed by the emergence of a new kind of patron. In the place of "Teutonic princelings and French Gran Monarques" (sic.), he laments, we now have "tasteless moneylenders and politicians of the stamp of Robert Moses and Mayor Daley" (p. 593).

Thus the study of architecture can no longer expect any help from those who are paid to direct it. It can no longer hope to have any effect upon what is actually built. Hence, it now serves only one purpose: that of enabling the student, with a TCI guidebook in hand and with Burchard's practical advice in his head, to escape momentarily from the unrelieved drabness to which he has been condemned and to refresh his eyes with the sight of the monuments of happier ages in the past when Bernini was still alive.

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IN BRIEF

THE SYMBOLIC IMAGINATION: COLERIDGE AND THE ROMANTIC TRADITION, *by J. Robert Barth, S.J., Princeton University Press, $10.*

This book is for all who worry about how to affirm the truths of the spirit in the face of a seemingly indisputable materialism. Barth sets the symbolism in literary Romanticism into the wider context of Christian sacrament. Instead of seeing the Romantics as the first orphans after the death of God, as J. Hillis Miller, Harold Bloom, and M. H. Abrams have seen them casting old religious experience into new psychological terms, Barth believes that Coleridge, Wordsworth, Blake and Carlyle should be seen seeking to recapture the unified sensibility of traditional Christianity, before the dissociation of sensibility set in and material philosophy obliterated the mysteries of the spiritual life. While the reader might wish for more precise and original explanations of individual poems and more ample citing of primary as opposed to secondary sources, the book hits its stride half way through and tells us where we are, as inheritors of the late eighteenth century endeavor to keep the "numinous" in suspension behind or within the phenomenal.

Barth explains that the symbolism of that age as it continues into ours "is always at least the sacrament of the human experience, including man's experience of the numinous. If it is not always the sacramental encounter with the mystery of the infinite, it is at least sacramental encounter with the mystery of one's deepest self, where, Coleridge might add, God also dwells (120-121). It was Coleridge who formulated the need for a way of thinking where two realities—the seen and the unseen, the verifiable and the mysterious—could exist simultaneously, and where we could glimpse even in the clarity of the sensed reality a glimmering presence, religious, literary, and personal. Coleridge, that shipwrecked man who thought at the crossroads of religion, philosophy, science, and art, asked us to befriend the mysteries in and through the symbols that embody them. This request may still be crucial. ANYA TAYLOR

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 323)

happened in Cambodia since 1975 is more chilling, really, than our own bombing of the country between 1969 and 1973. For the first time in our history, and especially in 1973, we set about to destroy, *systematically* (using grid co-ordinates) a country whose people had never fired a shot at us. According to several accounts, this mindless bombing stiffened the will of the radicals in the revolutionary movement, snuffed out the possibility of a cease-fire (which was never great), and gave our own form of government as bad a name as the present regime in Cambodia gives to socialism, according to Jean Lacouture. Perhaps the problem is that our horrors, inflicted from miles above the earth, are harder for us to visualize, and easier to live with than the concept of thousands of murders, face-to-face.

I should add that my article was written several months before Lacouture's review, which appeared as the April 1 *Commonweal* was on the press, but it profited from Father Ponchaud's earlier research, which had appeared in *Le Monde* and in *Mondes Asiatiques*. Had I read *Cambodge: année zéro* beforehand, I would certainly have altered the paragraph in my article that runs from page 209 to page 210.

DAVID CHANDLER

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